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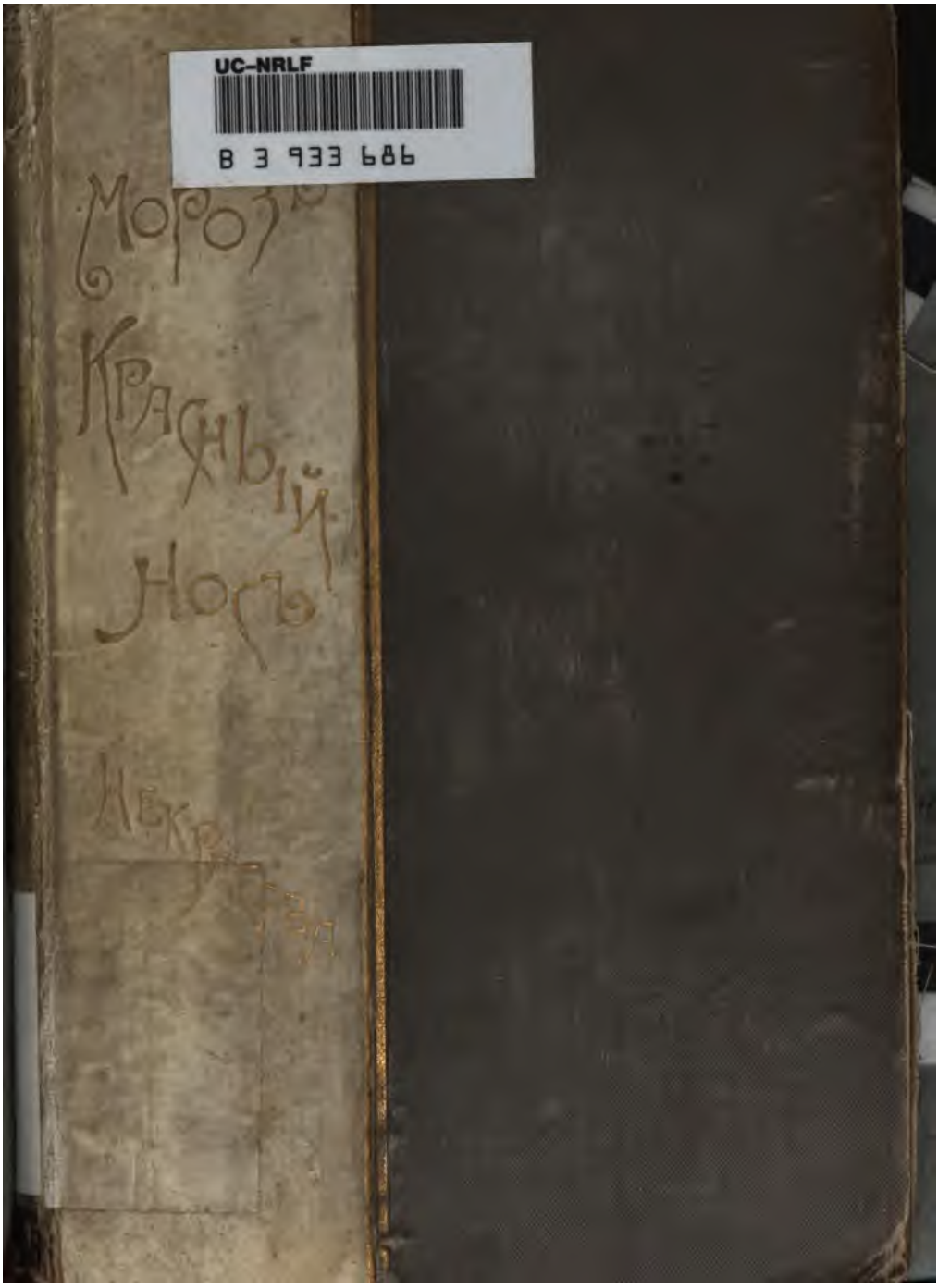
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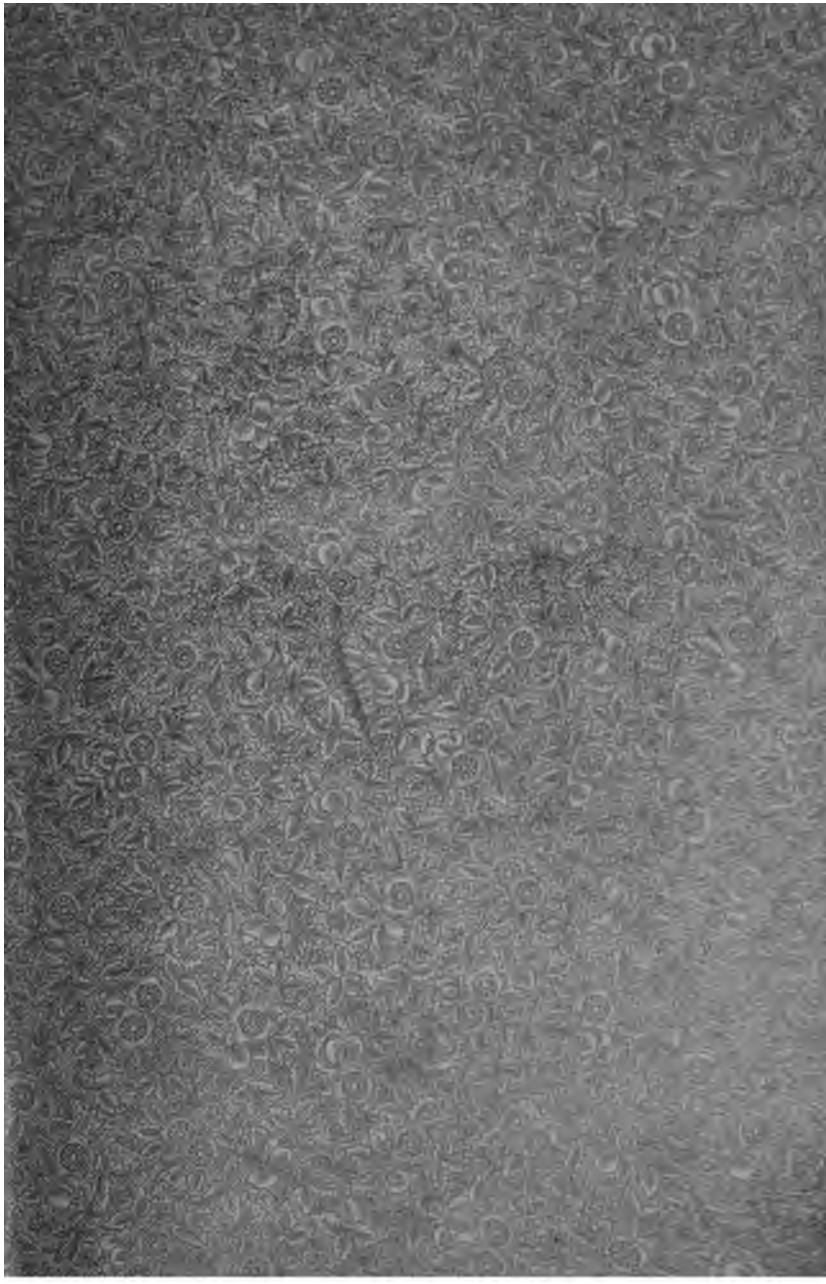

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МОРОЗЪ КРАСНЫЙ-НОСЪ

RED-NOSED FROST

СОСТАВИЛЪ

НИКОЛАЙ АЛЕКСѢЕВИЧЪ НЕКРАСОВЪ

TRANSLATED IN THE ORIGINAL METERS FROM THE RUSSIAN OF

N. A. NEKRASOV

SECOND EDITION EMENDED

WITH THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON, N.A.

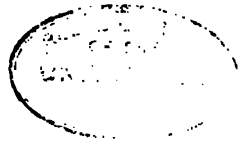
And with an Appendix

BOSTON

TICKNOR AND COMPANY

1887

(U.S.A.)



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PG 3337
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MAIN

To my Wife

PREFATORY NOTE.

To Mr. W. R. S. RALSTON (M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambr.), of London, the translator and this second edition are indebted for valuable information. A request for permission to make public acknowledgment of assistance rendered was kindly granted in these words:

LONDON, Sept. 5, '87.

. . . . . .

You are very welcome to make any use you like of my name, as that of one who has perused your translation and admired its fidelity. But please to remember that the service I may have rendered it was a very small one indeed.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

W. R. S. RALSTON.

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МОРОЗЪ КРАСНЫЙ-НОСЪ

RED-NOSED FROST

ЧАСТЬ ПЕРВАЯ.

I.

Савраска увязъ въ половинѣ сугроба —
Двѣ пары промерзлыхъ лаптей
Да уголъ рогожей покрытаго гроба
Торчатъ изъ убогихъ дровней.

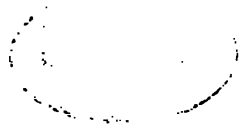
Старуха въ большихъ рукавицахъ
Савраску сошла понукать.
Сосульки у ней на рѣсницахъ,
Съ морозу — должно полагать.

II.

Привычная дума поэта
Впередъ забѣжать ей спѣшитъ:
Какъ саваномъ, снѣгомъ одѣта
Избушка въ деревнѣ стоитъ,

To start up the roan has alighted
A grandam.

Lines 5, 6.



PART FIRST.[1]

I.

A ROAN NAG sticks fast, by a snow-drift arrested;
Two pair of bast shoes, frozen hard,
And part of a coffin, with matting invested,
Project from a sledge, old and scarred.

To start up the roan has alighted
A grandam; her mittens immense,
With ice-fringe her eyelashes whited —
The cold is, forsooth, so intense![2]

II.

The poet, on thought's deft wings flying,
Speeds past her, and gains, in the vill,
A cabin: upon it is lying
The snow like a shroud, white and chill;

Въ избушкѣ — теленокъ въ подклѣти,
Мертвецъ на скамьѣ у окна;
Шумятъ его глупыя дѣти,
Тихонько рыдаетъ жена.

Сшивая проворной иголкой
На саванъ куски полотна,
Какъ дождь зарядившій на-долго,
Не громко рыдаетъ она.

III.

Три тяжкія доли имѣла судьба,
И первая доля: съ рабомъ повѣнчаться,
Вторая — быть матерью сына раба,
А третья — до гроба рабу покоряться,
И всѣ эти грозныя доли легли
На женщину русской земли.

Вѣка протекали — все къ счастью стремилось,
Все въ мірѣ по нѣскольку разъ измѣнилось,
Одну только Богъ измѣнить забывалъ
Суровую долю крестьянки.
И всѣ мы согласны, что типъ измельчалъ
Красивой и мощной славянки.

Within, — in the cellar a calf;
A man by the window lies dead;
His children, unheeding, loud laugh;
His wife softly sobs with bowed head.

While sewing with needle swift-flying
The linen cut out for a shroud,
As rain drops from clouds long low-lying,
She bitterly sobs, yet not loud.

III.

Three grievous allotments had Fortune decreed: —
Allotment the first, — with a slave man to marry;
The second, — a mother to be of his seed;
The third, — until death his hard yoke e'er to carry.
And all these allotments so grievous did lie
On woman 'neath Russia's broad sky.

The ages have passed: all for pleasure has striven;
To manifold change all on earth has been given.[8]
(The poor peasant woman alone is forgot:)
No change in her lot has God made.
Of feminine beauty and strength, we all wot,
The type, 'mong the Slavs, has decayed.

Случайная жертва судьбы!
Ты глухо, незримо страдала,
Ты свѣту кровавой борьбы
И жалобъ своихъ не вѣряла, —

Но мнѣ ты ихъ скажешь, мой другъ!
Ты съ дѣтства со мною знакома.
Ты вся — воплощенный испугъ,
Ты вся — вѣковая истома!
Тотъ сердца въ груди не носилъ,
Кто слезъ надъ тобою не лилъ!

IV.

Однако же, рѣчь о крестьянкѣ
Затѣяли мы, чтобъ сказать,
Что типъ величавой славянки
Возможно и нынѣ сыскать.

Есть женщины въ русскихъ селеньяхъ
Съ спокойною важностью лицъ,
Съ красивою силой въ движеньяхъ,
Съ походкой, со взглядомъ царицъ, —

Fortuitous victim of fate!
Hast suffered unseen and unheard;
The world hast not told of thy strait,
Of plaining hast uttered no word.

But me thou, my friend, wilt tell all;
From childhood together we've plodded:—
Fatigue and dismay on thee fall,
All misery in thee is embodied.
No heart in his breast carrieth he
Who tears doth not shed over thee.

IV.

We've thus of the serf woman spoken,
However, with purpose to say:—
The type of the stately Slavonian,
Perhaps, may be found e'en to-day.

In Russ hamlets women are dwelling,
Of countenance earnest, serene;
In all grace of movement excelling;
In bearing and look like a queen.

Ихъ развѣ слѣпой не замѣтитъ,
А зрячій о нихъ говоритъ:
„Пройдетъ — словно солнце освѣтитъ!
„Посмотритъ — рублемъ подаритъ!“

Идутъ онѣ той же дорогой,
Какой весь народъ нашъ идетъ,
Но грязь обстановки убогой
Къ нимъ словно не лишнетъ. Цвѣтетъ

Красавица, міру на диво,
Румяна, стройна, высока,
Во всякой одеждѣ красива,
Ко всякой работѣ ловка.

И голодъ, и холодъ выноситъ,
Всегда терпѣлива, ровна...
Я видывалъ, какъ она коситъ:
Что взмахъ — то готова копна!

Платокъ у ней на ухо сбился,
Того-гляди косы падутъ.
Какой-то парнёкъ изловчился
И къ верху подбросилъ ихъ, шутъ!

Perhaps they 'll escape the dim-sighted;
But one who can see says of them: —
"She passes — with sunshine all 's lighted!
"And looks — 't is like giving a gem!"

The paths all our people are thronging
They follow, — the same burthens bring;
But mire, to their low lot belonging,
To them as it were does not cling.

See blooming, — a world's admiration, —
The beauty! tall, rosy, well-shaped;
Proficient in each occupation;
A beauty, however she 's draped;

Both hunger and cold calmly brooking;
Content, ever patient, discreet.
I oft as she mowed have been looking:
One flourish — a haycock complete!

Her kerchief is o'er her ear slipping,
Her tresses are ready to fall.
And then some young fellow comes tripping —
The rascal! and up throws them all:

Тяжелыя русыя косы
Упали на смуглую грудь,
Покрыли ей ноженьки босы,
Мѣшаютъ крестьянкѣ взглянуть.

Она отвела ихъ руками,
На парня сердито глядитъ.
Лицо величаво, какъ въ рамѣ,
Смущеньемъ и гнѣвомъ горитъ...

По буднямъ не любитъ бездѣлья.
За то вамъ ее не узнать,
Какъ сгонитъ улыбка веселья
Съ лица трудовую печать.

Такого сердечнаго смѣха
И пѣсни, и пляски такой
За деньги не купишь. — „Утѣха!“
Твердятъ мужики межъ собой.

Въ игрѣ ее конный не словитъ,
Въ бѣдѣ — не сробѣетъ, — спасетъ:
Коня на скаку остановитъ,
Въ горящую избу войдетъ!

The flaxen, luxuriant tresses
O'erspread her tanned bosom, and wrap
Her little bare feet in caresses;
Her eyes too in darkness entrap:

She quickly her locks apart brushes,
And fiercely a glance at him throws;
Her tress-enframed, proud face with blushes
Of passion, of hot anger glows.

On work-days she likes full employment.
But strange will to you be her face,
When from it the smile of enjoyment
The sigil of toil shall erase:

Such laughter, so hearty! such measure
In song and in dance! no such treats
With gold can be purchased. "What pleasure!"
Each peasant to each oft repeats.

The horseman she 'll vanquish in racing;
In danger, not flinching, she 'll save:
A galloping steed boldly facing;
To enter a burning hut, brave.

Красивые, ровные зубы,
Чтб крупные перлы у ней,
Но строго румяныя губы
Хранятъ ихъ красу отъ людей —

Она улыбается рѣдко...
Ей некогда лясы точить,
У ней не рѣшится сосѣдка
Ухвата, горшка попросить;

Не жалокъ ей нищій убогій —
Вольно-жъ безъ работы гулять!
Лежитъ на ней дѣльности строгой
И внутренней силы печать.

Въ ней ясно и крѣпко сознанье,
Что все ихъ спасенье въ трудѣ,
И трудъ ей несетъ воздаянье:
Семейство не бьется въ нуждѣ.

Всегда у нихъ теплая хата,
Хлѣбъ вынеченъ, вкусенъ квасомъ,
Здоровы и сыты ребята,
На праздникъ есть лишній кусокъ.

Her beautiful, regular teeth
Seem pearls, when to view them one chances;
But firmly the lips' rosy sheath
Conceals them from people's rude glances.

She rarely indulges in laughter,
For jesting she 's no time to spare;
Not oft dares her neighbor come after
Some item of her kitchen ware.

No pity has she for the tramp, —
Why country paths uselessly scour?
Of scrupulous fitness the stamp
She bears, and of immanent power.

She knows, as 't were writ in her creed,
In labor is all their salvation;
And labor returns her the meed: —
Her household knows never privation;

They 've always a warm roof o'erhead,
Bread well-baked, and kvas[6] of good savor;
The children are healthy, well-fed;
For high-days there 's some extra favor.

Идетъ эта баба къ обѣдни
Предъ всею семьей впереди:
Сидитъ, какъ на стулѣ, двухлѣтній
Ребенокъ у ней на груди,

Рядкомъ шестилѣтняго сына
Нарядная матка ведётъ...
И по сердцу эта картина
Всѣмъ любящимъ русскій народъ!

V.

И ты красотою дивила,
Была и ловка, и сильна,
Но горе тебя изсушило,
Уснувшаго Прокла жена!

Горда ты — ты плакать не хочешь,
Крѣпишься, но холстъ гробовой
Слезами невольно ты мочишь,
Сшивая проворной иглой.

Слеза за слезой упадаетъ
На быстрыя руки твои.
Такъ колосъ беззвучно роняетъ
Созрѣвшія зерна свои...

This woman goes forth Sunday morn
To mass, all her family guiding:
Is sitting a child, two years born,
Her bosom upon, and there riding;

The mother, well dressed, by the hand
Is leading her six-years-old boy.
This picture all friends of Russ land,
All friends of Russ folk will enjoy.

V.

Thou too wert with beauty illumed,
Wert skillful and strong, full of life;
But now art with sorrow consumed, —
Of Prokl[6] now dead thou the wife.

Thou 'rt proud: — thou unwillingly weepest;
Thou heartenest thyself, but the shroud
With hot tears unbidden thou steepest,
While o'er it with swift needle bowed.

As kernels from full-ripened tops
Of grain gently fall on the land,
So tear after tear softly drops
Upon thine expert, nimble hand.

VI.

Въ селѣ, за четыре версты,
У церкви, гдѣ вѣтеръ шатаетъ
Подбитые бурей кресты,
Мѣстечко старикъ выбираетъ;

Усталъ онъ, работа трудна,
Тутъ тоже сноровка нужна —

Чтобъ крестъ было видно съ дороги,
Чтобъ солнце играло кругомъ.
Въ снѣгу до колѣнъ его ноги,
Въ рукахъ его заступъ и ломъ,

Вся въ инеѣ шапка большая,
Усы, борода въ серебрѣ.
Недвижно стоитъ размышляя,
Старикъ на высокомъ бугрѣ.

Рѣшился. Крестомъ обозначилъ,
Гдѣ будетъ могилу копать,
Крестомъ осѣнился и началъ
Лопатою снѣгъ разгребать.

VI.

By village church, four versts away,
Where storm-toppled crosses are creaking,
As round them the wintry gusts play,
An old man a fit spot is seeking.

He 's weary; the task is severe;
Of craft there is need even here: —

That the cross from the highway may show,
And never be hidden in shade.
His legs to the knees are in snow;
His hands hold a crowbar and spade;

His great furry cap in hoar frost;
In silver, mustachio and beard;
Unmoving, in thought seeming lost,
He stands on a mound high upreared.

His mind is made up; and by crossing
He marks where the grave will be made;
Himself having crossed, he is tossing
The snow from the spot with the spade.

Иные пріемы тутъ были,
Кладбище не то, чтб поля:
Изъ снѣгу кресты выходили,
Крестами ложилась земля.

Согнувъ свою старую спину,
Онъ долго, прилежно копалъ,
И желтую мерзлую глину
Тотчасъ же снѣжокъ застилалъ.

Ворона къ нему подлетѣла,
Потыкала носомъ, прошлась:
Земля какъ желѣзо звенѣла —
Ворона ни съ чѣмъ убралась...

Могила на славу готова, —
„Не мнѣ-бъ эту яму копать!“
(У стараго вырвалось слово):
„Не Проклу бы въ ней почивать,

„Не Проклу!..“ Старикъ оступился,
Изъ рукъ его выскользнулъ ломъ
И въ бѣлую яму скатился,
Старикъ его вынулъ съ трудомъ.

The ground many a mound here embosses;
The field and the churchyard are all
Unlike: from the snow issue crosses;
Some stretched on the earth lie withal.

Long delves he, his aged back bending,
Assiduous, with ponderous blow
The hard-frozen yellow soil rending;
Which quickly is covered with snow.

A carrion-crow down to him wings,
Pecks once with his beak, — and away:
Like iron the frozen earth rings;
He takes himself off without prey.

The grave now its end will well answer. —
"Not I should here dig, — no, not I!"
Bursts forth from the breast of the grand-sir; —
"Not Prokl — not he should here lie, —

"Not Prokl!" — The grandfather stumbles;
The crowbar slips out of his hands
And into the snowy pit tumbles;
To reach it much labor demands.

Пошелъ... по дорогѣ шагаетъ...
Нѣтъ солнца, луна не взошла...
Какъ будто весь міръ умираетъ:
Затишье, снѣжокъ, полу-мгла...

VII.

Въ оврагѣ, у рѣчки Желтухи,
Старикъ свою бабу нагналъ
И тихо спросилъ у старухи:
„Хорошъ ли гробокъ-то попалъ?“

Уста ея чуть прошептали
Въ отвѣтъ старику: „ничего“.
Потомъ они оба молчали
И дровни такъ тихо бѣжали,
Какъ будто боялись чего...

Деревня еще не открылась,
А близко — мелькаетъ огонь.
Старуха крестомъ осѣнилась,
Шарахнулся въ сторону конь —

He 's gone; — on the road is he striding.
No sunshine; the moon is below.
The world like a vision seems gliding
Away; only silence, mist, snow.

VII.

In the gorge, by the streamlet Zheltúkha,
The old man his wife overtook,
And question put quietly to her:
"The coffin there — how does it look?"

Her lips in a whisper that barely
Was audible answered him: "Fairly."
Then both held their peace; and the sled
So softly moved, creaking so rarely,
As if 't were of something in dread.

The hamlet from view was yet hidden;
But near them — a light brightly flashed.
The dame's hand a cross signed unbidden;
The roan to one side trembling dashed:

Безъ шапки, съ ногами босыми,
Съ большимъ заостреннымъ коломъ,
Внезапно предсталъ передъ ними
Старинный знакомецъ Пахомъ.

Прикрыты рубахою женской
Звенѣли вериги на немъ;
Постукалъ дуракъ деревенскій
Въ морозную землю коломъ,

Потомъ помычалъ сердобольно,
Вздохнулъ и сказалъ: „не бѣда!
„На васъ онъ работалъ довольно,
„И ваша пришла череда!

„Мать сыну-то гробъ покупала,
„Отецъ ему яму копалъ,
„Жена ему савванъ сшивала —
„Всѣмъ разомъ работу вамъ далъ!..“

Опять помычалъ — и безъ цѣли
Въ пространство дуракъ побѣжалъ.
Вериги уныло звенѣли,
И голыя икры блестѣли,
И посохъ по снѣгу черкалъ.

On head and on legs nothing wearing,
With great pointed staff of the holm,[7]
Stood suddenly there, at them staring,
Their old-time acquaintance Pakhóm.

'Neath the woman's chemise that he wore
The chains of the lunatic clanged;
And then with the staff that he bore
He once on the frozen earth banged;

In pity he bellowed;[8] and sighing,
Then said: "There's no harm done! For you
"Full long he his task had been plying;
"And now has come your turn to do.

"His mother a coffin has bought,
"His father a grave has made ready,
"His wife has a shroud for him wrought;
"For all he has work made already."

He bellowed again, — and then, blank
Of purpose, in haste he departed.
Resounded his chains' mournful clank;
Shone brightly each uncovered shank;
His staff in the snow his course charted.

VIII.

У дома оставили крышу,
Къ сосѣдкѣ свели ночевать
Зазябнувшихъ Машу и Гришу
И стали сынка обряжать.

Медлительно, важно, сурово
Печальное дѣло велось:
Не сказано лишняго слова,
Наружу не выдано слезъ.

Уснулъ, потрудившійся въ потѣ!
Уснулъ, поработавъ землѣ!
Лежитъ, непричастный заботѣ,
На бѣломъ сосновомъ столѣ,

Лежитъ неподвижный, суровый,
Съ горящей свѣчой въ головахъ,
Въ широкой рубахѣ холщевой
И въ липовыхъ новыхъ лаптяхъ.

Большія, съ мозолями руки,
Подъявшія много труда,
Красивое, чуждое муки
Лицо — и до рукъ борода...

VIII.

The coffin lid 'gainst the house laid;
Chilled Masha and Grisha* to spend
The night at a neighbor's conveyed, —
To lay out their dear son they bend.

With leisurely, solemn attention
The sorrowful duty is done:
Is made no superfluous mention;
Of visible tears there are none.

He sleeps — no more toiling and sweating!
He sleeps — for the earth his work done!
He lies, all around him forgetting,
The clean white fir table upon, —

Lies moveless, his grave face upturning,
Arrayed in a broad linen shirt;
A light by his pillow is burning;
His feet in new bast-shoes are girt;

The great brawny hands on his breast
Are laid, with hard labor all seared;
The beautiful face is at rest
From pain; to the hand falls the beard.

IX.

Пока мертвеца обряжали,
Не выдали словомъ тоски
И только глядѣть избѣгали
Другъ другу въ глаза бѣдняки.

Но вотъ уже кончено дѣло,
Нѣтъ нужды бороться съ тоской,
И что̀ на душѣ накипѣло,
Изъ устъ полилося рѣкой.

Не вѣтеръ гудитъ по ковыли,
Не свадебный поѣздъ гремитъ, —
Родные по Проклу завыли,
По Проклу семья голоситъ:

„Голубчикъ ты нашъ сизокрылый!
„Куда ты отъ насъ улетѣлъ?
„Пригожествомъ, ростомъ и силой
„Ты ровни въ селѣ не имѣлъ,

„Родителямъ былъ ты совѣтникъ
„Работничекъ въ полѣ ты былъ,
„Гостямъ хлѣбосолъ и привѣтникъ,
„Жену и дѣтей ты любилъ...

IX.

Their grief, while the body preparing,
They showed not with words nor with sighs;
The hapless pair only forbearing
To look into each other's eyes.

But now that the task is completed,
To struggle with grief there 's no need;
And what in the heart was secreted,
From lips pours like pent waters freed.

Not wind is 't in feather-grass sighing,
Nor rumble of nuptial train gay; —
His kindred for Prokl are crying,
And Prokl bewailing they say: —

"Our dove! with thy wings of dark blue,
"Away from us whither hast flown?
"In beauty, strength, stature, — 't is true, —
"The village thy peer has ne'er known.

"A Mentor thy parents did prove thee,
"A worker the fields and the mart;
"To guests bread and salt [10] did approve thee,
"To wife and to children thy heart.

„Что-жъ мало гулялъ ты по свѣту?
„За что насъ покинулъ, родной?
„Одумалъ ты думушку эту,
„Одумалъ съ сырою землей —

„Одумалъ — а намъ оставаться
„Велѣлъ во міру, сиротамъ,
„Не свѣжей водой умываться,
„Слезами горючими намъ!

„Старуха помретъ со кручины,
„Не жить и отцу твоему,
„Береза въ лѣсу безъ вершины —
„Хозяйка безъ мужа въ дому.

„Ее не жалѣешь ты, бѣдный,
„Дѣтей не жалѣешь... Вставай!
„Съ полоски своей заповѣдной
„По лѣту сберешь урожай!

„Сплесни, ненаглядный, руками,
„Сокольимъ глазкомъ посмотри,
„Тряхни шелковыми кудрями,
„Сахарны уста раствори!

"Why hast thou so soon from earth wandered?
"Why hast thou forsaken thy home?
"An afterthought this thou hast pondered, —
"An afterthought with the damp loam —

"An afterthought: — thou bid'st us stay thus
"Bereaved on the earth; bid'st us not
"With cool sparkling water to bathe us,
"But tears — with our tears burning hot!

"Thy mother and father will no rest
"From grieving find but in the tomb;
"Like birch without crown in the forest,
"The husbandless wife in her home.

"Thou pitiest her not the least jot,
"Nor pitiest the children. — Up, wake!
"In summer from thy little plot
"Of land thou full harvest shalt take.

"Our darling! from slumber awaking,
"Clap hands, us with hawk-eye behold!
"Thy silken, thy glossy locks shaking,
"With sweet words thy sweet lips unfold!

„На радости мы бы сварили
„И меду, и браги хмѣльной,
„За столъ бы тебя посадили —
„Покушай, желанный, родной!

„А сами напротивъ бы стали —
„Кормилецъ, надёжа семьи!
„Очей бы съ тебя не спускали,
„Ловили бы рѣчи твои...“

X.

На эти рыданья и стоны
Сосѣди валили гурьбой:
Свѣчу положивъ у иконы,
Творили земные поклоны
И шли молчаливо домой.

На смѣну входили другіе.
Но вотъ ужъ толпа разбрелась,
Поужинать сѣли родные —
Капуста да съ хлѣбушкомъ квасъ.

"Delighted, we 'd brew thee and treat thee
"With mead and with sav'ry hop beer;
"With joy at the table we 'd seat thee —
"Partake, thou so longed-for, so dear!

"And facing thee we should be planted, —
"Supporter and hope of our race!
"Thy words would we catch; and, enchanted,
"Our eyes would not move from thy face."

X.

Amid these loud wailings thronged slowly
The neighbors, on sympathy bent;
Who, placing in front of the holy
Ikóna[11] a taper, bowed lowly,
And homeward then silently went.

This form was by others repeated,
Until now the crowd is dispread;
The kindred for supper are seated, —
Of cabbage, of kvas, and of bread.

Старикъ безполезной кручинѣ
Собой овладѣть не давалъ:
Подладившись ближе къ лучинѣ,
Онъ лапоть худой ковырялъ.

Протяжно и громко вздыхая,
Старуха на печку легла,
А Дарья, вдова молодая,
Провѣдать ребятокъ пошла.

Всю ноченьку, стоя у свѣчки,
Читалъ надъ усопшимъ дьячокъ
И вторилъ ему изъ-за печки
Пронзительнымъ свистомъ сверчокъ.

XI.

Сурово мятелица выла
И снѣгомъ кидала въ окно,
Не весело солнце всходило:
Въ то утро свидѣтелемъ было
Печальной картины оно.

The grandfather would not abide
With profitless grief to be weighted:
And sitting the pine-torch [12] beside,
A bast-shoe he bunglingly plaited.

Above the warm stove the old mother
Lay, heaving loud sighs and long-drawn;
While Dárïa, the widow, with other
Cares charged, to her children had gone.

And over the body stood reading
The sacristan all the night long;
The while from the warm stove proceeding
Resounded the cricket's shrill song.

XI.

The storm fiercely howled in its madness,
And pelted the window with snow;
That morning the sun not with gladness
Arose, — on the picture of sadness,
Unwilling his bright beams to throw.

Савраска, запряженный въ сани,
Понуро стоялъ у воротъ;
Безъ лишнихъ рѣчей, безъ рыданій
Покойника вынесъ народъ.

— Ну, трогай, саврасушка! трогай!
Натягивай крѣпче гужи!
Служилъ ты хозяину много,
Въ послѣдній разокъ послужи!..

Въ торговомъ селѣ Чистополѣ
Купилъ онъ тебя сосункомъ,
Взростилъ онъ тебя на привольѣ,
И вышелъ ты добрымъ конемъ.

Съ хозяиномъ дружно старался,
На зимушку хлѣбъ запасалъ,
Во стадѣ ребенку давался,
Травой да мякиной питался,
А тѣло изрядно держалъ.

Когда же работы кончались
И сковывалъ землю морозъ,

The sledge at the gate stood, — and, heedless,
The roan nag, low hanging his head;
With no loud lament, no word needless,
The people then brought out the dead.

— Come, forward! good roan nag! step faster!
The traces more tightly now strain!
Much service hast done for thy master;
The last do with might and with main!

A colt in Chistópol he bought thee, —
To suckle thy dam hadst not ceased;
In generous abundance he brought thee
Up well; and thou 'st proved a good beast.

In summer, thy master assisting,
Full store didst for winter provide;
A child wouldst obey unresisting;
On herbage and chaff though subsisting,
Thy bones in good brawn thou didst hide.

When work in the field was all ended,
And frost held in chains the dark loam,

Съ хозяиномъ вы отправлялись
Съ домашняго корма въ извозъ.

Не мало и тутъ доставалось —
Возилъ ты тяжелую кладь,
Въ жестокую бурю случалось,
Измучась, дорогу терять.

Видна на бокахъ твоихъ впалыхъ
Кнута не одна полоса,
За то на дворахъ постоялыхъ
Покушалъ ты вволю овса.

Слыхалъ ты въ январьскія ночи
Мятели пронзительный вой,
И волчьи горящія очи
Видалъ на опушкѣ лѣсной,

Продрогнешь, натерпишься страху,
А тамъ — и опять ничего!
Да, видно, хозяинъ далъ маху —
Зима доканала его!..

Then thou, by the master attended,
For freighting forsookest thy home.

And there, too, thy task was not trifling, —
The way long, and heavy the load;
And sometimes, 'mid snow-storms fierce, rifling
Thy strength, hast mistaken the road.

Upon thy lean flanks castigation
Its marks now and then would repeat;
At taverns, in full reparation,
Thy fill then of oats thou didst eat.

On January nights the wild howling
Of snow-storm hast heard, and fierce blare;
The wolf on the forest's edge prowling
Hast seen, and his eyes' fiery glare;

With fright wouldst thou suffer and shiver,
And then — quickly out of thy strait!
Yes, true! thou 'rt thy master's outliver;
The winter has sealed him his fate.

XII.

Случилось въ глубокомъ сугробѣ
Полсутокъ ему простоять,
Потомъ то въ жару, то въ ознобѣ
Три дня за подводой шагать:

Покойникъ на срокъ торопился
До мѣста доставить товаръ.
Доставилъ, домой воротился —
Нѣтъ голосу, въ тѣлѣ пожаръ!

Старуха его окатила
Водой съ девяти веретенъ
И въ жаркую баню сводила,
Да нѣтъ — не поправился онъ!

Тогда ворожеекъ созвали —
И поятъ, и шепчутъ, и трутъ —
Все худо! Его продѣвали
Три раза сквозь потный хомутъ,

Спускали родимаго въ пролубь,
Подъ куричій клали насѣстъ...
Всему покорялся, какъ голубь, —
А плохо — не пьетъ и не ѣстъ!

XII.

It chanced, for twelve hours in one spot
He stood, — a deep drift in the road;
And then, though now cold and now hot,
For three days he followed the load:

Desire to be punctual impelling,
The freight to deliver he willed.
'T was done; he returned to his dwelling, —
Voice gone, and with fire his veins filled.

Fresh water, from nine spindles streaming,
The old woman over him poured,
And to the bath led him for steaming;
But no! he was no whit restored.

The soothsayers then were collected;
They rub, whisper, give drink; — but all
For naught! And it was not neglected,
Him thrice through a sweat-ring to haul,

Down into an ice-hole to let him,
Nor under a hen-roost to set him.
Meek, dove-like, from nothing he shrinks; —
'T is no use! he eats not nor drinks.

Еще положить подъ медвѣдя,
Чтобъ тотъ ему кости размялъ,
Ходебщикъ сергачевскій Ѳедя
— Случившійся тутъ — предлагалъ.

Но Дарья, хозяйка больного,
Прогнала совѣтника прочь:
Испробовать средства иного
Задумала баба: и въ ночь

Пошла въ монастырь отдаленный
(Верстахъ въ десяти отъ села),
Гдѣ въ нѣкой иконѣ явленной
Цѣлебная сила была.

Пошла, воротилась съ иконой —
Больной ужъ безгласенъ лежалъ,
Одѣтый какъ въ гробъ, причащеный.
Увидѣлъ жену, простоналъ

И умеръ...

A peddler too, Fédĭa,[18] was there,
Who came from Sergách; Prokl needed,
He said, to be placed 'neath a bear,
And thus have his bones all well kneaded.

But Dárĭa, the sick peasant's wife,
The counselor drove from her sight:
She purposed to save the dear life
By some other means; and at night

She went to a nunnery (distant
Ten versts); an *ikóna* was there,
By miracle found; and existent
In that, healing potency rare.

When home the *ikóna* she 'd taken,
The sick erewhile voiceless had grown,
And of the communion partaken.
He looked at his wife, breathed a moan,

And died.

XIII.

...Саврасушка, трогай,
Натягивай крѣпче гужи!
Служилъ ты хозяину много,
Въ послѣдній разокъ послужи!

Чу! два похоронныхъ удара!
Попы ожидаютъ — иди!..
Убитая, скорбная пара,
Шли мать и отецъ впереди.

Ребята съ покойникомъ оба
Сидѣли, не смѣя рыдать,
И правя савраской, у гроба
Съ возжами ихъ бѣдная мать

Шагала... Глаза ея впали
И былъ не бѣлѣй ея щёкъ
Надѣтый на ней въ знакъ печали
Изъ бѣлой холстины платокъ.

За Дарьей — сосѣдей, сосѣдокъ
Плелась не густая толпа,
Толкуя, что Прокловыхъ дѣтокъ
Теперь не завидна судьба,

XIII.

Come, good roan nag! step faster!
The traces more tightly now strain!
Much service hast done for thy master;
The last do with might and with main!

Hark! twice the knell far and wide spreading!
The priests are all waiting; — up bear!
The parents the sad train are heading, —
A sorrowing, death-stricken pair.

The children both sit with the dead,
Not daring to cry; and alone
Their poor mother walks by the sled,
And guides with her reins the old roan.

Her eyes 'neath their brows deep retiring;
Outvie in their whiteness her cheeks
The white linen kerchief[14] attiring
Her neck, that of deep sorrow speaks.

Behind Daŕa neighbors are winding
Along, a thin stream; they debate
The matter, each other reminding
What ills Prokl's children await,

Что Дарьѣ работы прибудетъ,
Что ждутъ ее черные дни.
„Жалѣть ее некому будетъ“,
Согласно рѣшили они...

XIV.

Какъ водится, въ яму спустили,
Засыпали Прокла землей;
Поплакали, громко повыли,
Семью пожалѣли, почтили
Покойника щедрой хвалой.

Самъ староста, Сидоръ Иванычъ,
Вполголоса бабамъ подвылъ,
И „миръ тебѣ, Проклъ Севастьянычъ!“
Сказалъ: „благодушенъ ты былъ“,

„Жилъ честно, а главное: въ сроки,
„Ужъ какъ тебя Богъ выручалъ,
„Платилъ господину оброки
„И податъ въ казну представлялъ!“

How Dárĭa's increased task will wear her,
What dark days and dismal she 'll see.
"There 'll none be to pity, to spare her,"
The people with one voice agree.

XIV.

The grave reached, then Prokl was lowered,
As wont is, and covered with earth;
Awhile sobs were heard, and tears poured;
For kindred, condolence; and toward
The dead, generous praise of his worth.

The stárost,[15] too, Sídor Iványch,[16]
Bewailed with the dames in low voice,
And, "Peace to thee, Prokl Sevastĭánych!"[17]
He said, "thou kind heart, spirit choice!

"A just life didst live, always paying —
("God somehow would ever thee aid,)
"Thy land-rent when due; nor delaying
"The taxes to bring, on thee laid."

Истративъ запасъ краснорѣчья,
Почтенный мужикъ покряхтѣлъ:
„Да, вотъ она жизнь человѣчья!“
Прибавилъ — и шапку надѣлъ.

„Свалился... а то-то былъ въ силѣ!..
„Свалимся... не ми́нуть и намъ!...“
Еще покрестились могилѣ,
И съ Богомъ пошли по домамъ.

Высокій, сѣдой, сухопарый,
Безъ шапки, недвижно-нѣмой,
Какъ памятникъ, дѣдушка старый
Стоялъ на могилѣ родной!

Потомъ старина бородатый
Задвигался тихо по ней,
Ровняя земли́цу лопатой,
Подъ вопли старухи своей.

Когда же, оставивши сына,
Онъ съ бабой въ деревню входилъ:
„Какъ пьяныхъ, шатаетъ кручина!
Глядитко!..“... народъ говорилъ...

His eloquence spent, the good peasant
Stood silent, then *him* gravely said;
"Yes, such is man's life of the present!"
He added, and covered his head.

"He fell, — youth and vigor combining!
"We, too, shall fall; none can prevent."
Once more at the grave the cross signing,
With God they all homeward then went.

Tall, gray-haired, emaciate, capless,
Immovably mute, all undone,
A monument like, stood the hapless
Old man by the grave of his son.

Of musing an end at length made,
He then on the mound softly stepped,
And leveled the earth with his spade;
The while his old wife sorely wept.

And when the sad twain, after leaving
Their son, to the village repaired, —
"Do look! as if drunken with grieving,
"They stagger!" the people declared.

XV.

А Дарья домой воротилась —
Прибраться, дѣтей накормить.
Ай-ай! какъ изба настудилась!
Торопится печь затопить,

Анъ глядь — ни полѣна дровишекъ...
Задумалась бѣдная мать:
Покинуть ей жаль ребятишекъ,
Хотѣлось бы ихъ приласкать,

Да времени нѣту на ласки.
Къ сосѣдкѣ свела ихъ вдова,
И тотчасъ, на томъ же савраскѣ,
Поѣхала въ лѣсъ, по дрова...

XV.

But Dárĭa returned to her home
To dress, and the children to feed.
The hut — ah, so cold had become!
The stove she would heat up with speed,

But see! not a fagot remaining!
The mother reflected: to leave
Her little ones — bitter heart-paining!
Much rather caresses she 'd give;

But time there was none for caresses.
Their care of a neighbor besought,
At once, the same roan in the traces,
The forest for firewood she sought.

ЧАСТЬ ВТОРАЯ.

XVI.

Морозно. Равнины бѣлѣютъ подъ снѣгомъ,
Чернѣется лѣсъ впереди;
Савраска плетется ни шагомъ, ни бѣгомъ,
Не встрѣтишь души на пути.

Какъ тихо! Въ деревнѣ раздавшійся голосъ
Какъ будто у самаго уха гудётъ,
О корень древесный запнувшійся полозъ
Стучитъ и визжитъ, и за сердце скребётъ.

Кругомъ — поглядѣть нѣту мочи,
Равнина въ алмазахъ блеститъ...
У Дарьи слезами наполнились очи —
Должно быть, ихъ солнце слѣпитъ...

PART SECOND.

XVI.

Keen frost. On the plains the white snow bright is lying;
Above them the forest looms black;
The roan jogs along, neither walking nor flying.
No soul shall we meet on the track.

How silent! The voice in the far hamlet sounding
Resounds as if close by the ear were its start;
The sledge-runner knocks 'gainst a tree-root; rebounding,
It rattles and creaks and harsh grates on the heart.

Around — it is difficult gazing:
In diamonds glitters the plain.
With tears Darïa's eyes are o'erflowing — the blazing
Sun's rays doubtless blind them and pain.

Великое горе вдовицы
И матери малыхъ сиротъ
Подслушали вольныя птицы,
Но выдать не смѣли въ народъ...

XVIII.

Не псарь по дубровушкѣ трубитъ,
Гогочетъ, сорви-голова, —
Наплакавшись, колетъ и рубитъ
Дрова молодая вдова.

Срубивши, на дровни бросаетъ —
Наполнить бы ихъ поскорѣй,
И врядъ ли сама замѣчаетъ,
Что слезы все льютъ изъ очей:

Иная съ рѣсницы сорвется
И на снѣгъ съ размаху падетъ —
До самой земли доберется,
Глубокую ямку прожжетъ;

The poor widow's heart-break the wily
Wood birds, as she through their haunts fared,
Discovered by listening slyly;
But tell it to man they 've not dared.

XVIII.

No hunter is through the wood winding
His horn, nor loud shouting ho, ho! —
The widow, her tears not now blinding,
Is wielding the axe with strong blow.

She into the sledge the wood throws —
How quickly she 'd finish her chopping!
And doubtful 't is whether she knows,
Her eyes all the while tears are dropping:

A part, from her eyelashes dropping,
With all their might fall on the snow
And burn their way through, only stopping
When earth they have reached far below.

Другую на дерево кинетъ,
На плашку, — и смотришь, она
Жемчужиной крупной застынетъ —
Бѣла и кругла и плотна.

А та на глазу поблистаетъ,
Стрѣлой по щекѣ побѣжитъ,
И солнышко въ ней поиграетъ...
Управиться Дарья спѣшитъ,

Знай рубитъ, — не чувствуетъ стужи,
Не слышитъ, что ноги знобитъ,
И, полная мыслью о мужѣ,
Зоветъ его, съ нимъ говоритъ...

XIX.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

„Голубчикъ! красавицу нашу
Весной въ хороводѣ опять
Подхватятъ подруженьки Машу
И станутъ на ручкахъ качать!

„Станутъ качать,
Къ верху бросать,

Another tear falls on the firewood,
Congeals and becomes a great white
Round pearl; — fit for queenly attire would
It seem, with such beauty alight.

And one in her eye shines a minute,
Then swift as an arrow darts down
Her cheek, and a sunbeam plays in it. —
She hastens the sledge load to crown,

And chops, chops; — she feels not the chilling,
Perceives not that frost her feet seeks;
And, thoughts of her spouse the mind filling,
She calls to him, and with him speaks: —

XIX.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Sweet dove! in their hands, in spring, Masha
Her friends in the dances [18] will take, —
Our beauty, with eyes of pure azure, —
And toss her and gently will shake:

"Gently [19] will shake,
Toss up will make,

Маковкой звать,
Макъ отряхать! *

„Вся раскраснѣется наша
Маковымъ цвѣтикомъ Маша
Съ синими глазками, съ русой косой!

„Ножками бить и смѣяться
Будетъ... а мы-то съ тобой,
Мы на нее любоваться
Будемъ, желанный ты мой!...

XX.

„Умеръ, не дожилъ ты вѣку,
Умеръ и въ землю зарытъ!
Любо весной человѣку,
Солнышко ярко горитъ.
Солнышко все оживило,
Божьи открылись красы,

---

* Извѣстная народная игра, называемая *сѣять макъ*. *Маковкой* садится въ серединѣ круга красивая дѣвочка, которую подъ конецъ подкидываютъ вверхъ, представляя тѣмъ отряхиванье мака; а то еще *макомъ* бываетъ простоватый дѣтина, которому при подкидываніи достается не мало колотушекъ.

Call poppy-pate,
Out poppy shake! *

"Deeply will blush then our Masha,
Playing the poppy, with azure
Eye and with blonde silky tress;

"Tapping her wee feet, she 'll sweetly
Laugh; and I — thou too, no less —
Shall be delighted completely; —
Thee, longed-for, thee I address!

XX.

"Dead! and thy life half completed!
Dead! and in earth hid from sight!
Warmly is spring by man greeted,
Genial the sunshine and bright;
All to new life is incited,
God nature's beauties unfolds;

* A well-known popular game, called *sowing the poppy*. In the middle of a circle sits a pretty maiden as *poppy*, whom in the end they toss up, causing thus the shaking-out of the poppy. And sometimes *poppy* is a simple fellow, who chances in the tossing to receive not a few raps.

Поле сохи запросило,
Травушки просятъ косы,

„Рано я, горькая, встала,
Дома не ѣла, съ собой не брала,
До ночи пашню пахала,
Ночью я косу клепала,
Утромъ косить я пошла...

„Крѣпче вы, ноженьки, стойте;
Бѣлыя руки, не нойте!
Надо одной поспѣвать!

„Въ полѣ одной-то надсадно,
Въ полѣ одной неповадно,
Стану я милаго звать!

„Ладно ли пашню вспахала?
Выди, родимый, взгляни!
Сухо ли сѣно убрала?
Прямо ли стоги сметала?...
Я на грабля́хъ отдыхала
Всѣ сѣнокосные дни!

„Нѣкому бабью работу поправить!
Нѣкому бабу на разумъ наставить...

Fields have the ploughman invited,
Grass the sharp scythe welcome holds;

"Early I rose, with gloom filled;
Ate not at home, afield no better fared;
All day the plough-land I tilled;
Night come, the scythe I prepared;
Morn, to the hay-field repaired. —

"Stand ye more firm, good feet, shake not!
Hands, little white hands mine, ache not!
Haste we alone with our task!

"Lone toil afield makes one weary,
Lone toil afield is too dreary;
'Come! wilt thou, dear one?' I'll ask.

"Have I the field ploughed up throughly?
Dear one, come out, please, and look!
Dry have I housed the hay duly?
Heaped I the hay-cocks up viewly? [20]
All through the hay-day I truly
On my rake only rest took!

"Poor wife! in labor she's none to correct her;
Poor wife! in reason she's none to direct her.

XXI.

„Стала скотинушка въ лѣсъ убираться,
Стала рожь-матушка въ колосъ метаться,
Богъ намъ послалъ урожай!
Нынѣче солома по грудь человѣку,
Богъ намъ послалъ урожай!
Да не продлилъ тебѣ вѣку,—
Хочешь-не хочешь, одна поспѣвай!..

„Оводъ жужжитъ и кусаетъ,
Смертная жажда томитъ;
Солнышко серпъ нагрѣваетъ,
Солнышко очи слѣпитъ;
Жжетъ оно голову, плечи,
Ноженьки, рученьки жжетъ;
Изо-ржи словно изъ печи
Тоже тепломъ обдаетъ;
Спинушка ноетъ съ натуги,
Руки и ноги болятъ;
Красные, желтые круги
Передъ очами стоятъ...
Жни-дожинай поскорѣе,
Видишь — зерно потекло...

XXI.

"Cattle some time to the woods have been going,
Ears mother-rye has already been growing;
God grants a bountiful crop!
Now the rye stalks are breast high;
God grants a bountiful crop!
But he has doomed thee to die;—
Willing or not, work alone without stop!

"Gadflies are biting and swarming,
Thirst takes my strength away quite;
Sunshine my sickle is warming,
Sunshine is blinding my sight;
Shoulders and head it is heating,
O'er feet and hands a glow casts;
From the rye on me are beating,
As from an oven, hot blasts;
Pains through my limbs are advancing,
And my poor back overspread;
All round my eyes there are dancing
Circles of yellow and red.—
Hasten the harvest to gather,
Shells now the over-ripe grain.

„Вмѣстѣ бы дѣло спорѣе,
Вмѣстѣ повадней бы шло...

XXII.

„Сонъ мой былъ въ руку, родная!
Сонъ передъ Спасовымъ днёмъ.
Въ полѣ заснула одна я
Послѣ полудня, съ серпомъ,
Вижу — меня оступаетъ
Сила — несмѣтная рать, —
Грозно руками махаетъ,
Грозно очами сверкаетъ.
Думала я убѣжать,
Да не послушались ноги.
Стала просить я помоги,
Стала я громко кричать.

„Слышу, земля задрожала —
Первая мать прибѣжала,
Травушки рвутся, шумятъ —
Дѣтки къ родимой спѣшатъ.
Шибко безъ вѣтру не машетъ
Мельница въ полѣ крыломъ:
Братецъ идетъ да приляжетъ,

Work should we jointly the rather, —
Jointly, more pleasure and gain.

XXII.

"True has my dream proved, ah, dear me!
Dreamt before Christ's day: — Afield,
After noon, nobody near me,
Weary, to slumber I yield,
Sickle in hand; — all about me
Stands a great host, a dense crowd;
Threatening, with gestures they flout me,
Threatening, with glaring eyes scout me.
Flight I attempted, quite cowed;
But — faithless limbs! my feet stayed.
Begging began I for aid,
Crying began I aloud.

"Earth I felt, as it were, quaking —
Mother 't was came, such haste making;
Rustled the rye, and was crushed —
Children to mother dear rushed.
When there 's no wind afield sweeping,
Arms naught the windmill avail:
Brother comes loit'ring, half sleeping;

Свекоръ плетется шажкомъ.
Всѣ прибрели, прибѣжали,
Только дружка одного
Очи мои не видали...
Стала я кликать его:
„Видишь, меня оступаетъ
„Сила — несмѣтная рать, —
„Грозно руками махаетъ,
„Грозно очами сверкаетъ:
„Что не идешь выручать?..“
Тутъ я кругомъ оглядѣлась —
Господи! Что куда дѣлось?
Что это было со мной?..
Рати тутъ нѣтъ никакой!
Это не люди лихіе,
Не бусурманская рать,
Это колосья ржаные,
Спѣлымъ зерномъ налитые,
Вышли со мной воевать!

„Машутъ, шумятъ, наступаютъ,
Руки, лицо щекотятъ,
Сами солому подъ серпъ нагибаютъ —
Больше стоять не хотятъ!

Father-in-law like a snail.
All have come, creeping or flying, —
One friend, but one of them all,
His grateful presence denying;
Him I began loud to call: —
'Thou seest, here all about me
'Stands a great host, close arrayed;
'Threatening, with gestures they flout me,
'Threatening, with glaring eyes scout me, —
'Why com'st thou not to my aid?'
Then I looked sharply around me —
Heavens! what wonders befall!
What was it chanced to confound me?
There was no host there at all!
These were not wicked men trooping,
Neither a Mussulman band;
Rye heads they were, many-grouping,
Filled with ripe kernels and drooping,
Came out a fight to demand!

"Wave, rustle, beat they about,
Face, hands, and bare arms they tickle;
Not wishing longer afield to stay out,
Bend they their stalks 'neath the sickle.

„Жать принялась я проворно,
Жну, а на шею мою
Сыплются крупныя зерна —
Словно подъ градомъ стою!

„Вытечетъ, вытечетъ за ночь
Вся наша матушка-рожь...
Гдѣ же ты, Проклъ Севастьянычъ?
Чтб пособлять не идешь?..

„Сонъ мой былъ въ руку, родная!
Жать теперь буду одна я.

„Стану безъ милаго жать,
Снопики крѣпко вязать,
Въ снопики слезы ронять!

„Слезы мои не жемчужны,
Слезы горюшки-вдовы,
Чтб же вы Господу нужны,
Чѣмъ ему дороги вы?..

XXIII.

„Долги вы, зимнія ноченьки,
Скучно безъ милаго спать;

OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF

Now I shall reap with none near me.

Line 619.

"Smartly to reaping I went;
While I reap, hail-like there patters
Grain on my neck forward bent,
As from the ripe heads it scatters.

"All our rye, all will shell out now
Overnight — all mother-rye!
Prokl Sevastĭánych,[21] where art thou?
Why to my aid dost not fly?

"True has my dream proved, ah, dear me!
Now I shall reap with none near me,

"Far from my dear one shall reap,
Tightly the sheaves bind and heap,
On the sheaves hot tears shall weep.

"Pearls they are not, — the unheeded
Tears that my poor eyes bedim;
Why by the Lord are ye needed?
What value have ye for Him?

XXIII.

"Long are ye, winter nights! keeping
Watch without him, sore I grieve;

Лишь бы не плакали оченьки,
Стану полотна я ткать.

„Много натку я полотенъ,
Тонкихъ добротныхъ новинъ;
Выростетъ крѣпокъ и плотенъ,
Выростетъ ласковый сынъ.

„Будетъ по нашему мѣсту
Онъ хоть куда женихомъ;
Высватать парню невѣсту
Сватовъ надежныхъ пошлёмъ...

„Кудри сама расчесала я Гришѣ,
Кровь съ молокомъ нашъ сынокъ-первенецъ,
Кровь съ молокомъ и невѣста... Иди же!
Благослови молодыхъ подъ вѣнецъ!..

„Этого дня мы какъ праздника ждали,
Помнишь, какъ началъ Гришуха ходить,
Цѣлую ноченьку мы толковали,
Какъ его будемъ женить,
Стали на свадьбу копить понемногу...
Вотъ — дождались, слава Богу!

Let but mine eyes leave off weeping,
Cloth from the flax I will weave, —

"Much will I weave and will stow up, —
Linen from threads finely spun:
Sturdy and strong will soon grow up
Grisha, our dear loving son;

"He 'll be as likely a bridegroom
As any lass can expect;
Brokers [22] will treat for a bride whom
We for the lad shall select.

"I have combed out Grisha's curls; come, caress them!
Ruddy and white is our son, our first born;
Ruddy and white is the bride too; come, bless them!
Bless the young couple this bright wedding morn.

"This day like holiday we have expected:
When first Grishúkha [23] began steps to take,
Mindest thou, all night we talked and projected,
How we 'd a match for him make;
Hoarding began we then 'gainst nuptial days;
See, our hopes crowned! to God praise!

„Нашъ-то молодчикъ въ семьѣ одиночка,
Всѣхъ у насъ дѣтокъ Гришуха да дочка,
Да голова у насъ воръ —
Скажетъ: мірской приговоръ!

„Сгибнетъ ни за́ что, ни про́ что дѣтина:
Встань, заступись за родимаго сына!

„Нѣтъ! не заступишься ты!..
Бѣлыя руки твои опустились,
Ясныя очи на вѣки закрылись...
Горькія мы сироты!..

XXV.

„Я-ль не молила Царицу небесную?
Я ли лѣнива была?
Ночью одна по икону чудесную
Я не сробѣла — пошла,

„Вѣтеръ шумитъ, наметаетъ сугробы.
Мѣсяца нѣтъ — хоть бы лучъ!
На небо глянешь — какіе-то гробы,
Цѣпи да гири выходятъ изъ тучъ...

"One only son to our household belonging,
Should they take him, 't would us clearly be wronging;
But our chief's thievish, we see —
'Communal judgment' — his plea.

"Lost the lad's life will be, all for a bubble! —
Rise up! defend thine own son in his trouble!

"No! no defense more from thee!
Nerveless those hands, once so strong and so clever!
Closed are those eyes so bright, — closed now forever!
Bitterly orphaned are we!

XXV.

"Did I not pray Heaven's Queen, lowly kneeling?
Idly my time have I spent?
Lonely by night for the picture all-healing
Fearlessly, boldly I went: —

"Fiercely the wind howls, and piles up the snow;
No moonlight — oh, for one beam!
Look! from the heavens grim coffin-shapes grow;
See how the dark clouds with chains and weights teem!

„Я ли о немъ не старалась?
Я ли жалѣла чего?
Я ему молвить боялась,
Какъ я любила его!

„Звѣздочки будутъ у ночи,
Будетъ ли намъ-то свѣтлѣй?..

„Заяцъ спрыгнулъ изъ-подъ кочи,
Заинька, стой! не посмѣй
Перебѣжать мнѣ дорогу!

„Въ лѣсъ укатилъ, слава Богу...
Къ полночи стало страшнѣй,—

„Слышу, нечистая сила
Залотошила, завыла,
Заголосила въ лѣсу,

„Чтб мнѣ до силы нечистой?
Чуръ меня! Дѣвѣ Пречистой
Я приношенье несу!

"Made I not for him endeavor?
Did I not care for him well?
How much I loved him, I never
Had enough courage to tell.

"Night will with stars be surrounded;
Will it for us be more fair?

"Out from a knoll a hare bounded;—
Stop, little hare! do not dare
By me to go on the pathway!

"Praise God! for wood-ward his path lay.—
Midnight 't was harder to bear:

"Hear I some impious power,
Rushing by, through the woods scour;
Then with its shrill cry they ring.

"What do I care, power unholy?
Leave me! to Virgin Most Holy
Offerings grateful I bring.

„Слышу я конское ржанье,
Слышу волковъ завыванье,
Слышу погоню за мной, —

„Звѣрь на меня не кидайся!
Лихъ человѣкъ не касайся,
Дорогъ нашъ грошъ трудовой!

„Лѣто онъ жилъ работаючи,
Зиму не видѣлъ дѣтей,
Ночи о немъ помышляючи,
Я не смыкала очей.

„Ѣдетъ онъ, зябнетъ... а я-то, печальная,
Изъ волокнистаго льну,
Словно дорога его чуже-дальная,
Долгую нитку тяну.

„Веретено мое прыгаетъ, вертится,
Въ полъ ударяется.
Проклушка пѣшъ идетъ, въ рытвинѣ крестится,
Къ возу на горочкѣ самъ припрягается.

„Лѣто за лѣтомъ, зима за зимой,
Этакъ-то мы раздобылись казной!

"Hear I of horses the neighing,
Hear I of fierce wolves the baying,
Hear I the chase after me;—

"Savage beasts, fall not upon me!
Wicked men, robbers, be gone ye!
Hard for our money toiled we.

"Summers he toiled, moments using;
Winters his home saw him not:
On him in night's darkness musing
My eyes to close I forgot.

"Rides he, perhaps: he is cold; while I, wretched,
From fibrous flax, strong and fine,
Spin out a long thread, so long I might stretch it
Till around him it should twine.

"Springs now my spindle, turns, beats on the floor.
Próklushka[24] walks on the road:
In the ravine, at the hill's foot, before
Mounting he hitches himself to the load.

"Summer and winter, in wearisome round,
Thus with hard work we our living have found.

„Милостивъ буди къ крестьянину бѣдному,
Господи! все отдаемъ,
Что по копѣйкѣ, по грошику мѣдному
Мы сколотили трудомъ!..

XXVI.

„Вся ты, тропина лѣсная!
Кончился лѣсъ.
Къ утру звѣзда золотая
Съ Божьихъ небесъ
Вдругъ сорвалась — и упала,
Дунулъ Господь на нее;
Дрогнуло сердце мое;
Думала я, вспоминала —
Чтб было въ мысляхъ тогда,
Какъ покатилась звѣзда?
Вспомнила! ноженьки стали,
Силюсь идти, а нейду!
Думала я, что едва ли
Прокла въ живыхъ я найду...

„Нѣтъ! не попуститъ Царица небесная!
Дастъ исцѣленье икона чудесная!

"Pity, O Lord, on the sick peasant take.
All that by toil we have stored
Little by little, kopéïk by kopéïk,
All shall to thee be restored.

XXVI.

"Forest path, now art thou ended!
Forest, passed by!
Daybreak, a golden star splendid
Out of God's sky
Suddenly broke — and came falling;
God then a breath on it blew:
Fear pierced my heart through and through;
I tried to think, — tried recalling
What had been just then my thought,
When from the sky the star shot.
Flash! my feet stopped, my heart sinking,
Vainly to move did I strive:
'I shall be late,' — I was thinking, —
'Too late to find him alive.'

"No: Heaven's Queen will forbid, pity feeling!
No: the *ikóna* sublime will give healing!

„Я осѣнилась крестомъ
И побѣжала бѣгомъ...

„Сила-то въ немъ богатырская,
Милостивъ Богъ, не умретъ...
Вотъ и стѣна монастырская!
Тѣнь ужъ моя головой достаётъ
До монастырскихъ воротъ.

„Я поклонилася зѣмнымъ поклономъ,
Стала на ноженьки, глядь —
Воронъ сидитъ на крестѣ золоченомъ,
Дрогнуло сердце опять!

XXVII.

„Долго меня продержали —
Схимницу сёстры въ тотъ день погребали.

„Утрення шла,
Тихо по церкви ходили монашины,
Въ черныя рясы наряжены,
Только покойница въ бѣломъ была:
Спитъ — молодая, спокойная,
Знаетъ, что будетъ въ раю.

"Crossing myself, I began
Running, — with eagerness ran.

"In him is all-valiant power:
Gracious is God, he 'll not die! —
Look! there 's the nunnery tower!
Now my head's shadow comes nigh —
Touches the gate, broad and high.

"Bowed I to earth with humility fitting;
Then rising up — how I start!
See! there 's a crow on the gilded cross sitting:
Pierced through again was my heart!

XXVII.

"Then came delay most sinister:
That day the nuns had to bury a sister.

"Matins now neared,
Church-ward the nuns marched in silent procession,
Black-robed, with deep heart-depression; —
Only the dead in pure white garb appeared.
Sleeps the maid, — peaceful each feature:
Knows she, to that blessed land

„Много Владычицѣ было почёту:
Старый и малый бросали работу,
Изъ деревень шли за ней.

„Къ ней выносили больныхъ и убогихъ...
Знаю, Владычица! знаю: у многихъ
Ты осушила слезу...

„Только ты милости къ намъ не явила!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

„Господи! сколько я дровъ нарубила!
Не увезешь на возу...“

XXIX.

Окончивъ привычное дѣло,
На дровни поклала дрова,
За возжи взялась и хотѣла
Пуститься въ дорогу вдова.

Да вновь пораздумалась, стоя,
Топоръ машинально взяла

"Homage the Virgin's whole journey attended:
Youth and old age from all sides to her wended;
Labor by all was dismissed.

"To her were brought the diseased and the wretched:
Well I know, Blest One! with kind hand outstretched
Oft thou relief hast bestowed. —

"Only to us thou no succor hast given!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Heavens! what a heap this of firewood I've riven!
Too much 't will be for one load."

XXIX.

The wonted task happily ended,
The widow with wood piled the sled;
And seizing the reins, she intended
Directly her path to retread.

But stopping, again she reflected;
She then took the axe, habit-led,

И тихо, прерывисто воя,
Къ высокой соснѣ подошла.

Едва ее ноги держали,
Душа истомилась тоской,
Настало затишье печали —
Невольный и страшный покой!

Стоитъ подъ сосной чуть живая,
Безъ думы, безъ стона, безъ слёзъ.
Въ лѣсу тишина гробовая —
День свѣтелъ, крѣпчаетъ морозъ.

XXX.

Не вѣтеръ бушуетъ надъ боромъ,
Не съ горъ побѣжали ручьи,
Морозъ-воевода дозоромъ
Обходитъ владѣнья свои.

Глядитъ — хорошо ли мятели
Лѣсныя тропы занесли,
И нѣтъ ли гдѣ трещины, щели
И нѣтъ ли гдѣ голой земли?

And, sobbing, completely dejected,
Approached a tall fir just ahead, —

Her limbs her support scarce achieving,
Her spirit with sorrow exhaust.
A respite then came in her grieving —
A terrible calm! feeling lost!

Scarce breathing, she stands 'neath the fir;
No thought, sigh, nor tear any longer.
Death-silent the forest, no stir;
The day bright, the frost growing stronger.

XXX.

Not wind in the firs is it, howling;
Not brooks rushing down to the plain;
The Frost-chief the region is prowling,
Inspecting his princely domain.

He looks: — have the snow-storms well covered
And blocked up each path with a drift?
Does nowhere the earth lie uncovered,
Is nowhere a chink or a rift?

Пушисты ли сосенъ вершины,
Красивъ ли узоръ на дубахъ?
И крѣпко ли скованы льдины
Въ великихъ и малыхъ водахъ?

Идетъ — по деревьямъ шагаетъ,
Трещитъ по замерзлой водѣ,
И яркое солнце играетъ
Въ косматой его бородѣ.

Дорога вездѣ чародѣю.
Чу! ближе подходитъ, сѣдой,
И вдругъ очутился надъ нею,
Надъ самой ея головой!

Забравшись на сосну большую,
По вѣточкамъ палицей бьетъ,
И самъ про себя удалую,
Хвастливую пѣсню поетъ:

XXXI.

„Вглядись, молодица, смѣлѣе,
„Каковъ воевода Морозъ!
„Наврядъ тебѣ парня сильнѣе
„И краше видать привелось?

The tops of the firs — are they woolly?
The oaks — are their frost-pictures fine?
The ice-blocks united so fully,
Great waters and small to confine?

He strides on, — the trees round him swaying,
And crackling the ice-prisoned streams;
About his rough beard there are playing
The sun's unobscured glittering beams.

Goes everywhere, this old magician:
Hark! nearer and nearer his tread!
He suddenly takes a position
Above her, right over her head.

Himself in the tall fir-tree posting,
His mace 'gainst the branches he swings,
And sings of himself, freely boasting, —
A song full of bluster he sings: —

XXXI.

"Survey me more boldly, young woman,
And see what a mien has Chief Frost!
A stronger, a handsomer yeoman
Didst e'er have the luck to accost?

„Мятели, снѣга и туманы
„Покорны морозу всегда;
„Пойду на моря-окіяны —
„Построю дворцы изо-льда.

„Задумаю — рѣки большія
„На долго упрячу подъ гнётъ,
„Построю мосты ледяные,
„Какихъ не построитъ народъ.

„Гдѣ быстрыя, шумныя воды
„Недавно свободно текли, —
„Сегодня прошли пѣшеходы,
„Обозы съ товаромъ прошли.

„Люблю я въ глубокихъ могилахъ
„Покойниковъ въ иней рядить,
„И кровь вымораживать въ жилахъ,
„И мозгъ въ головѣ леденить.

„На горе недоброму вору,
„На страхъ сѣдоку и коню,
„Люблю я въ вечернюю пору
„Затѣять въ лѣсу трескотню.

"Sleet, snow-storms, and mists with devotion
Give ear to Frost's every command;
I 'll hie me away to the ocean —
Of ice I 'll build palaces grand.

"The turbulent rivers I 'm able
For months to keep hidden and stilled;
And bridges of ice to build, stable
As never the people can build.

"Where lately unhindered were flowing
Swift waters, in uproar well taught,
To-day are pedestrians going, —
And sledge-trains, with merchandise fraught.

"To me in deep graves it is pleasing,
In hoar-frost to dress up the dead;
The heart's blood to drive out by freezing,
The brains turn to ice in the head.

"To cause the base thief trepidation,
The rider and steed to affright,
I like to make oft crepitation
All round in the forest at night:

„Бабёнки, пеняя на лѣшихъ,
„Домой удираютъ скорѣй.
„А пьяныхъ, и конныхъ, и пѣшихъ
„Дурачить еще веселѣй.

„Безъ мѣлу всю выбѣлю рожу,
„А носъ запылаетъ огнёмъ,
„И бороду такъ приморожу
„Къ возжамъ — хоть руби топоромъ!

„Богатъ я, казны не считаю,
„А все не скудѣетъ добро;
„Я царство мое убираю
„Въ алмазы, жемчугъ, серебро.

„Войди въ мое царство со мною
„И будь ты царицею въ немъ!
„Поцарствуемъ славно зимою,
„А лѣтомъ глубоко уснемъ.

„Войди! приголублю, согрѣю,
„Дворецъ отведу голубой...“
И сталъ воевода надъ нею
Махать ледяной булавой.

"The young women, wood-goblins chiding,
Rush headlong to reach their own door.
But fooling the drunken, both riding
And walking, delights me still more.

"The face without chalk I will whiten, —
But yet will the nose with fire glow;
The beard too — I'll freeze it so tight on
The reins, — of the axe needs a blow!

"I'm rich, and I count not my treasure;
With losses I never have met;
To deck my domain 't is my pleasure
With diamonds and pearls silver-set.

"My kingdom great service now render:
Oh come, and my queen there be crowned!
In winter we'll reign in such splendor!
But summers we'll sleep, ah, so sound!

"Come hither! I'll warm thee and blandish,
I'll give thee my blue palace nice."
The monarch began then to brandish
Above her his sceptre of ice.

XXXII.

„Тепло ли тебѣ, молодица?“
Съ высокой сосны ей кричитъ.
— Тепло! отвѣчаетъ вдовица,
Сама холодѣетъ, дрожитъ.

Морозко спустился пониже,
Опять помахалъ булавой
И шепчетъ ей ласковѣй, тише:
„Тепло-ли?..“ — Тепло, золотой! —

Тепло — а сама коченѣетъ.
Морозко коснулся ее:
Въ лицо ей дыханіемъ вѣетъ
И иглы колючія сѣетъ
Съ сѣдой бороды на нее.

И вотъ передъ ней опустился!
„Тепло ли?“ промолвилъ опять,
И въ Проклушку вдругъ обратился
И сталъ онъ ее цѣловать.

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Now down right before her he came.

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XXXII.

"Art warm, my young woman?" he cried
To her from the fir's topmost branches.
"I 'm warm!" the young widow replied;
But freezing she shivers and blanches.

The frost king came down somewhat lower,
Again waved his mace with much stir,
And whispers more kind than before:
"Art warm?" "I am warm, my good sir!"

Is warm — but all stiff she is growing.
Has touched her, the frost king, the weird:
A breath in her face he is blowing,
And on her sharp needles is strowing
From out his huge icy gray beard.

Now down right before her he came:
"Art warm?" he repeated; then, quickly
Transforming, he Prokl became,
And kisses began to press thickly

Въ уста ее, въ очи и въ плечи
Сѣдой чародѣй цѣловалъ
И тѣ же ей сладкія рѣчи,
Что милый о свадьбѣ, шепталъ.

И такъ-то ли любо ей было
Внимать его сладкимъ рѣчамъ,
Что Дарьюшка очи закрыла,
Топоръ уронила къ ногамъ,

Улыбка у горькой вдовицы
Играетъ на блѣдныхъ губахъ,
Пушисты и бѣлы рѣсницы,
Морозныя иглы въ бровяхъ...

XXXIII.

Въ сверкающій иней одѣта,
Стоитъ, холодѣетъ она,
И снится ей жаркое лѣто —
Не вся еще рожь свезена,

Но сжата, — полегче имъ стало!
Возили снопы мужики,

Upon her, — on lips, eyes and shoulder
The conjuror gray kisses pressed;
The self-same sweet nothings he told her,
That Prokl in wooing addressed.

And Darïa was so much delighted,
To hear from him phrases so sweet,
That gently her eyelids united;
The axe she let fall at her feet;

A smile o'er the wan lips oft flashes, —
The lips of the widow distressed;
Her eyes — white and downy their lashes;
Her eyebrows with frost-needles dressed.

XXXIII.

She stands, clad in hoar-frost all gleaming,
And freezes; and as if she drowsed,
Of warm balmy summer she 's dreaming: —
The rye has not yet all been housed, —

It 's cut, though — their task *so* much minished!
The peasants the sheaves all have stacked;

А Дарья картофель копала
Съ сосѣднихъ полосъ у рѣки.

Свекровь ея тутъ же, старушка,
Трудилась; на полномъ мѣшкѣ
Красивая Маша, рѣзвушка,
Сидѣла съ морковкой въ рукѣ.

Телѣга, скрыпя, подъѣзжаетъ —
Савраска глядитъ на своихъ,
И Проклушка крупно шагаетъ
За возомъ сноповъ золотыхъ.

— Богъ помочь! А гдѣ же Гришуха?
Отецъ мимоходомъ сказалъ.
„Въ горохахъ“, сказала старуха.
— Гришуха! отецъ закричалъ,

На небо взглянулъ. — Чай, не рано?
Испить бы... Хозяйка встаетъ
И Проклу изъ бѣлаго жбана
Напиться квасу подаетъ.

And digging potatoes is finished
By Dárĭa on river-side tract.

Her mother-in-law there too shared
The labor; and on a full sack
Sat frolicsome Masha, blond haired,
A carrot in hand for a snack.

The wagon comes near, creaking, shaking:
The roan at his friends a glance gives;
And Próklushka great strides is taking
Along by the load's golden sheaves.

"God help us! But Grisha — where is he?"
Said Prokl, in passing them by.
The dame: — "'Mong the peas he is busy."
"Grishúkha!" — the father's loud cry.

Then sky-ward he glanced: — "Not too early?
Let's drink!" Then the wife, jumping up,
Gives Prokl to drink from a burly
White can — of good kvas a good sup.

Гришуха межъ тѣмъ отозвался:
Горохомъ опутанъ кругомъ,
Проворный мальчуга казался
Бѣгущимъ зеленымъ кустомъ.

— Бѣжитъ!... у!... бѣжитъ, пострѣлёнокъ,
Горитъ подъ ногами трава! —
Гришуха черёнъ, какъ галчонокъ,
Бѣла лишь одна голова.

Крича, подбѣгаетъ въ присядку
(На шеѣ горохъ хомутомъ).
Попотчиваетъ баушку, матку,
Сестрёнку — вертится вьюномъ!

Отъ матери молодцу ласка,
Отецъ мальчугана щипнулъ;
Межъ тѣмъ не дремалъ и савраска:
Онъ шею тянулъ да тянулъ,

Добрался, — оскаливши зубы,
Горохъ апетитно жуетъ,
И въ мягкія добрыя губы
Гришухино ухо беретъ...

Grishúkha is meantime advancing,
Responsive: in peas quite inwrapped,
The brisk lad appears like a prancing
Green bush, by some weird spirit rapt.

He runs, ha! he runs, the young black-paw!
The herbage takes fire 'neath his tread!
Grishúkha was black as a jackdaw,
The only part white was his head.

He rushes up dancing and hailing,
(A circlet of peas his neck binds,)
His grandmother, mother regaling,[26]
And sister, — and eel-like he winds.

The mother caressed then her idol,
The father a pinch the rogue fetched.
Old roan nag was meantime not idle:
His neck he outstretched and outstretched,

Until he has reached, — and now, showing
His teeth, he with zest chews the peas;
Grishúkha's wee ear too, unknowing,
He happens with soft lips to seize.

XXXIV.

Машутка отцу закричала:
— Возьми меня, тятька, съ собой!
Спрыгнула съ мѣшка — и упала,
Отецъ ее поднялъ. „Не вой!

„Убилась — неважное дѣло!..
Дѣвчонокъ не надобно мнѣ,
Еще вотъ такова пострѣла
Рожай мнѣ, хозяйка, къ веснѣ!

„Смотри же!..“ Жена застыдилась:
— Довольно съ тебя одного!
(А знала, подъ сердцемъ ужъ билось
Дитя)... „Ну, Машукъ, ничего!“

И Проклушка, ставъ на телѣгу,
Машутку съ собой посадилъ.
Вскочилъ и Гришуха съ разбѣгу,
И съ грохотомъ возъ покатилъ.

Воробушковъ стая слетѣла
Съ сноповъ, надъ телѣгой взвилась.
И Дарьюшка долго смотрѣла,
Отъ солнца рукой заслонясь,

XXXIV.

Mashútka[27] her father was calling: —
"Papa! who 'll go with you? may I?"
She jumped from the sack and fell sprawling;
Her father up raised her: — "Don't cry!

"Thou 'rt killed, — but no matter, don't pother!
No gain little girls to me bring;
Now that lusty boy — such another,
Good wife, thou must bring me by spring;

"See to it!" The wife, blushes giving: —
"For thee indeed one is enough!"
(But knew 'neath her heart there was living
A child.) — "Come, Mashúk,[28] it 's all stuff!"

Then Próklushka mounted the wain,
And seated Mashútka beside him.
Grishúkha too, running, jumped in;
Away then with clatter they hied them.

The birds from the sheaves upward flew,
And high o'er the loaded wain hovered.
And Dárĭushka[29] long fixed her view
(Her eyes from the sun with hand covered)

Какъ дѣти съ отцомъ приближались
Къ дымящейся ригѣ своей,
И ей изъ сноповъ улыбались
Румяныя лица дѣтей...

Чу, пѣсня! знакомые звуки!
Хорошъ голосокъ у пѣвца...
Послѣдніе признаки муки
У Дарьи исчезли съ лица,

Душой улетая за пѣсней,
Она отдалась ей вполнѣ...
Нѣтъ въ мірѣ той пѣсни прелестнѣй,
Которую слышимъ во снѣ!

О чемъ она — Богъ ее знаетъ!
Я словъ уловить не умѣлъ,
Но сердце она утоляетъ,
Въ ней дольняго счастья предѣлъ.

Въ ней кроткая ласка участья,
Обѣты любви безъ конца...
Улыбка довольства и счастья
У Дарьи не сходитъ съ лица.

On children and spouse, as they neared
The barn and the drying-kiln steaming;
And wee rosy faces appeared
With smiles from the sheaves on her beaming.

Hark! singing! familiar the strain!
The voice of the singer sounds sweetly. —
From Daría's face all signs of pain
Have passed away — vanished completely;

Her soul with the song on high mounting,
She listened with rapture supreme. —
No earthly song is there surmounting
In charm that we hear in a dream.

Of what it sang — God only knows!
The words my ear caught not aright;
But soothes it the heart full of woes,
And bounds it all earthly delight:

In it is compassion's sweet kiss,
And promise of love never dying. —
The smile of content and of bliss
On Daría's face still soft is lying.

XXXV.

Какой бы цѣной ни досталось
Забвенье крестьянкѣ моей,
Что̀ нужды? Она улыбалась.
Жалѣть мы не будемъ о ней.

Нѣтъ глубже, нѣтъ слаще покоя,
Какой посылаетъ намъ лѣсъ,
Недвижно, безтрепетно стоя
Подъ холодомъ зимнихъ небесъ.

Нигдѣ такъ глубоко и вольно
Не дышетъ усталая грудь,
И ежели жить намъ довольно,
Намъ слаще нигдѣ не уснуть!

XXXVI.

Ни звука! Душа умираетъ
Для скорби, для страсти. Стоишь
И чувствуешь, какъ покоряетъ
Ее эта мертвая тишь.

XXXV.

At what rate of cost — high or low —
Our peasant forgetfulness bought,
What matters? She smiled, we well know;
Of pity we 'll give her no thought.

There 's no calm so sweet, so profound,
As that in the forest is found,
Where giant forms motionless rise
To meet the cold wintery skies;

And nowhere so deep, unoppressed,
So restfully breathes the tired breast;
And if we are ready to die,
No fairer place is there to lie.

XXXVI.

All silent! To sorrow is dying
The soul; all its passion is fled.
Thou standest and feelest it lying
Subdued by this calm of the dead.

Ни звука! И видишь ты синій
Сводъ неба, да солнца, да лѣсъ,
Въ серебряно-матовый иней
Наряженный, полный чудесъ,

Влекущій невѣдомой тайной,
Глубоко-безстрастный... Но вотъ
Послышался шорохъ случайный —
Вершинами бѣлка идетъ.

Комъ снѣгу она уронила
На Дарью, прыгнувъ по соснѣ.
А Дарья стояла и стыла
Въ своемъ заколдованномъ снѣ...

All silent! Thou seest heaven's beaming
Blue vault, and the sun; and the wood,
In silvery hoar-frost all gleaming,
Embellished, with wonders bestrewed,

Attracting by secrets unspoken,
And all unimpassioned. — But hear!
A rustling the silence has broken:
A squirrel through tree tops comes near,

And drops, as with paws a twig seizing,
On Daria a pellet of snow;
While she in her dream-charm stands freezing,
Her soul yet with rapture aglow.

NOTES

NOTES.

1 PRELIMINARY.

In the transliteration of Russian words used, the principles adopted are the following: —

Vowels have their Italian values. By ĭ is indicated a short i-sound, forming with the preceding vowel a diphthong (as in *kopêĭk, Nikolâĭ*); it takes the place of the Russian semi-vowel й, where this needs expression. On the other hand, ĭ is closely joined to the following vowel in the same syllable (as in *Dárĭa*). It has the value of English *initial y* (*y consonant*, so called); and represents the initial sound of Russian я (*ĭa*), е (*ĭe*), ѣ (*ĭe*), ё (*ĭo*), and ю (*ĭu*). It stands also for the semi-vowel ь, where it is necessary to represent the latter. As in the Italian, so here we use no vowel digraph. But it seems desirable to have a modified i-character (ĭ, ĭ) to represent this sound when it does not form a distinct syllable. (See, in note 17, the words Sevastĭánych and Sevastián, each having four syllables.) *y* stands for a sound not heard — or very seldom — in western languages, but frequent in oriental. It is somewhat like French *u*, but thicker; and "lies between" German "*ö* and *ü*." After labials it is like English *we*, pronounced very short, with an attempt at a close and nasal effect. This sound (of the Russian ы) is often represented in English

by *i*, and is sometimes described as a close i-sound. But Miklosich (in his *Vergleichende Lautlehre der slavischen Sprachen*) classes it with the u-vowels. Any system of transliteration seems faulty which fails to provide for this sound as distinct from *i*; and the letter *y* is ready at hand for this purpose; nor can any other use be made of it consistently with our adoption of the Italian vowel-system. And a strong argument in its favor lies in the fact that the sound in question is represented by this same *y* in the Polish language, and in other Slavonic languages that employ the Latin characters.

Consonants have their usual English values: *ch* as in *church*; *g* always hard, as in *get*; *s* always hard (*ss*), never like *z*; *kh* like *ch* in Scotch *loch*, and like German *ch*; *zh* like *z* in *azure*, and like French *j*. But *v* before a hard consonant, and also usually at the end of a word, is like *f* (*ff*), as in Nekrásov (Nekrásof). — This name, by the way, should have the first vowel quite soft (as though Nïekrásov, with the ï very short).

[2] (Line 8) *The cold is, forsooth, so intense.* The fact really hinted at is the woman's weeping.

[3] (Line 28) *To manifold change.* Portions of this poem were published in the year 1863; and it was printed entire in 1864, in the *Contemporary*. It is interesting here to remember that the emancipation of the serfs was decreed by the Emperor Alexander II. in March, 1861.

[4] (Line 88) *From childhood together we 've plodded.* Nikoláï Alekséïevich Nekrásov belonged to a landed family of the Iaroslavl government, formerly possessed of great wealth. He was born in 1821, in a hamlet of Podolia, while his

father was campaigning. The latter left the army with the rank of major, and settled in the village of Greshnevo, on the paternal estate. Until the age of eleven the son's education was conducted at home under the charge of his mother, an excellent and accomplished woman. She was the daughter of a Polish nobleman, and had married the young officer without her parents' consent. Her father cast her off without dower; and, as her husband was but half educated, and proved harsh and tyrannical, the young wife soon discovered what a sacrifice she had made. But she bravely made the best of her misfortune, and found consolation in her children. The poet's unbounded love and veneration for his mother furnish motive or incident for many of his works.

At the age of eleven the poet (he began writing verses at seven) was sent to the Iaroslavl gymnasium. Vacations and holidays he spent in the village; and often, on these occasions, he was taken by his father, now chief of the district police, as a companion on official tours. These gave the boy opportunity to become still better acquainted with the life of the people: no scene of misery or oppression was hidden from his sight; he was present at dissections made in the interest of justice; and the impressions produced upon a highly susceptible mind were deep and permanent.

Nikoláï's father wished him to enter the military service, and in 1837 sent him to St. Petersburg, to finish his studies at the court regimental school. In that city the young man met one of his Iaroslavl companions, then a member of the university; and also became acquainted with Professor Uspenski, of the theological seminary. These two inspired him with such a desire for learning, that he decided to enter

the university. His father, when informed of this, was terribly angry, and refused him all assistance. But neither his father's anger nor the want of means could check the young man; and, with the help of his friends, he began preparation for the entrance examination. This he passed brilliantly in the classics, thanks to Uspenski's excellent teaching; but in two branches of physics he failed, thanks again to his teacher, who was weak there. In his strait Nekrásov laid his case before the rector of the university, gained admission as a non-matriculated student, and remained from 1839 to 1841. The means of living he obtained by teaching, proof-reading, and literary essays. In 1838 his first poem was printed in *The Son of the Fatherland.*

Of Nekrásov's early life enough has been said to give the reader a nearer view of the meaning of line 38. After leaving the university he was compelled by the continued pressure of want to try his literary strength in all directions. From 1847 began a period of journalistic activity that lasted, with slight interruptions, for thirty years; — he died in 1877. He edited and published *The Contemporary* and *Annals of the Fatherland;* and in these journals were first printed all the poems he wrote during this period. His industry and activity brought him, in his later years, great wealth. But its possession wrought no change in his feelings towards the people, whose unhappiness he had witnessed so often in his early years: in all his writings, from first to last, he exhibited the fullest sympathy for the poor peasants.

[5] (Line 108) *kvas* — a light fermented liquor, of various kinds, but commonly made from rye; "tastes like vinegar and water," says Hare (*Studies in Russia*).

[6] (Line 122) *Prokl* — Proclus. In the Russian this is a word of one syllable; but in the translation it stands for two, except in lines 405 and 616.

[7] (Line 187) *the holm* — the "winter oak" of that region. But the word is an interpolation.

[8] (Line 194) *bellowed* — like a bull.

[9] (Line 208) *Masha and Grisha.* Másha is a diminutive of María or Mářia (Mary). Other forms of this name, used in the poem, are: Mashútka and Mashúk. Grísha is a diminutive of Grigóri (Gregory). Grishúkha, used later, is a diminutive of Grisha.

[10] (Line 245) *bread and salt* — hospitality.

[11] (Line 278) *Ikóna* — icon or eikon; a picture "of the Savior, of the Madonna, or of a saint." See Wallace's *Russia*, pp. 64–66.

[12] (Line 286) *pine-torch* — The torch is held by an iron fork, which is supported by a wooden stand placed upon the floor. It is the one means employed by the peasant for lighting his hut; and in Russia is made from any tree bearing acerose leaves.

[13] (Line 358) *Fédia* — a diminutive of Feodór or Fiódor (Theodore).

[14] (Line 388) *white linen kerchief* — her badge of mourning.

[15] (Line 403) *stárost* — village elder.

[16] (Line 403) *Sídor Iványch* — Sídor, the son of Iván (John). Sídor is the popular form of Isidór (Isidore).

[17] (Line 405) *Prokl Sevastiánych* — Prokl, the son of Sevastián (Sebastian). See also note 6.

[18] (Line 504) *the dances* — the khorovód (choral dance). Concerning these see the introductory chapter of Ralston's *Songs of the Russian People.*

[19] (Line 507) *Gently will shake* — It may be noted that here the amphibrachic verse gives place to the dactylic; the latter continuing to line 787.

[20] (Line 540) *viewly* — a "North of England" word; which will here, perhaps, be considered a solecism.

[21] (Line 616) *Prokl Sevastiánych* — see notes 6 and 17.

[22] (Line 637) *Brokers* — marriage-brokers, match-makers.

[23] (Line 644) *Grishúkha* — see note 9.

[24] (Line 716) *Próklushka* — diminutive of Prokl.

[25] (Line 767) *Crown on thy brow, with words writ.* A band or coronet of paper or of satin, having upon it a picture of the Savior, of the Madonna, or of St. John; or a motto (text), printed in gold, or written by hand, — is usually placed upon the brow of the dead.

[26] (Line 935) *regaling* — with peas.

[27] (Line 945) *Mashútka* — see note 9.

[28] (Line 956) *Mashúk* — see note 9.

[29] (Line 963) — *Dáriushka* — diminutive of Dária.

The Russian text and the author's portrait are reprinted from the edition of Nekrasov's Poems published by his sister, St. Petersburg, 1879. 4 vols., 8vo.

Preceding the poem are forty-eight lines of Dedication — to this same sister.

APPENDIX

RED-NOSED FROST

A LITERAL LINE-FOR-LINE TRANSLATION

AND ADDED NOTES

RED-NOSED FROST.

PART FIRST.

I.

AN [old] roan has stuck in the middle of a snow-drift—
Two pair of hard-frozen bast shoes
And the corner of a mat-covered coffin
Project from a wretched sledge.

An old woman in great mittens
Has got down to start up the roan.
Icicles [are] on her eyelashes
From the cold—[it is] necessary to suppose.

II.

The accustomed thought of the poet
To run before her hastens:
Covered with snow, as with a shroud,
A hut in a village stands;

In the hut — a calf in the cellar,
A corpse on a bench by the window;
Noisy are his heedless children,
Softly sobs the wife.

[While] sewing with rapid needle
On a shroud pieces of linen,
Like rain [that has been] long preparing [to fall],
Not loudly sobs she.

III.

Three grievous lots had fate,
And the first lot: with a slave to marry,
The second — to be the mother of a son [that is a] slave,
And the third — till death to be subject to a slave,
And all these grievous lots lay
On the woman of the Russian land.

Ages have passed — everything towards happiness has striven,
Everything in the world has several times changed,
One [thing] only has God forgot to change [,]
The hard lot of the peasant woman.
And we all agree that the type has deteriorated
Of the handsome and robust Slavonian woman.

Fortuitous victim of fate!
Thou unheard, unseen hast suffered,
Thou to the world the bloody strife
And thy complaints hast not confided, —

But to me thou wilt tell them, my friend!
Thou from childhood with me [hast been] acquainted.
Thou all — incarnate fear,
Thou all — eternal fatigue!
He a heart in the breast has not borne
Who tears over thee has not shed!

IV.

However, the talk about the peasant woman
We contrived, in order to say,
That the type of the majestic Slavonian woman
It is possible even now to discover.

There are women in Russian villages
With quiet gravity of countenance,
With graceful strength in movements,
With the gait, with the mien of empresses; —

These perhaps the blind (man) will not observe,
But one who sees of them says:
["She] will pass — just as if the sun will shine!
"Will glance — [just as if] of a ruble will make a present!"

These go the same road
As all our people go,
But the mire of wretched circumstances
To them does not as it were stick. Blooms

The beauty, a world's admiration,
Rosy, well-shaped, tall,
In every dress beautiful,
At every work skillful.

Both cold and hunger she endures,
Always patient, equable . . .
I often have looked when she mowed:
What a flourish — and a hay-cock is ready!

[Her] kerchief has dropped over her ear,
In a moment [her] tresses will fall.
Some yonker was handy
And upwards threw them, the joker!

The heavy flaxen tresses
Fell upon the swarthy bosom,
Covered her little bare feet,
Prevent the peasant woman's seeing.

She brushed them away with [her] hands,
At the fellow angrily looks.
The haughty face, as [it were] in a frame,
With agitation and resentment glows . . .

On work-days [she] likes not idleness.
On the other hand [it is] not [possible] for you to recognize her,
When the smile of enjoyment shall drive
From [her] face the toil-impressed seal.

Such a hearty laugh
And song, and such a dance
For money thou shalt not buy. — "Delight!"
Oft repeat the peasants among themselves.

In sport the horseman will not catch her,
In misfortune — [she] quails not, — [she] will rescue:
A horse on a gallop she will stop,
Into a burning hut she will go!

Beautiful, regular teeth,
Like great pearls, she has,
But strictly the rosy lips
Guard their beauty from the people —

She smiles seldom . . .
She has no time to turn jokes,
Of her [her] neighbor has no mind
To ask now and then an oven-fork, a pot;

Not pitiable to her is the wretched beggar —
Why without work tramp about!
There lies upon her of stern practicability
And of immanent power the seal.

In her [is] a clear and firm consciousness
That all their salvation [is] in labor,
And labor brings her the reward:
[Her] household struggles not in want.

They have always a warm hut,
Bread well baked, savory kvas,
Healthy and well fed children,
For holiday there is an extra morsel.

This woman goes to mass
Before all [her] family:
Sits, as upon a stool, the two-years-old
Child upon her breast,

By [her] side the six-years-old son
The neatly dressed mother leads . . .
This picture is after [their own] heart
For all who love the Russian people!

V.

Thou too with beauty didst astonish,
Wert both skilful and strong,
But grief has consumed thee,
Dead Prokl's wife!

Proud [art] thou — thou art not willing to weep,
Thou strengthenest thyself, but the grave linen
With tears involuntarily thou moistenest,
[While] sewing with rapid needle.

Tear after tear falls
Upon thy nimble hands.
Thus the ear noiselessly drops
Its ripened kernels . . .

VI.

In the village, four versts distant,
By the church, where the wind shakes
The storm-toppled crosses,
An old man is selecting a little place;

He has become weary, the labor is difficult,
Here also ingenuity is needed —

That the cross may be visible from the road,
That the sun may shine around.
In snow to the knees [are] his legs,
In his hands a spade and a crowbar,

All in rime the great fur cap,
Mustaches, beard in silver.
Immovable stands, meditating,
The old man upon a tall mound.

He has decided. With a cross he has marked
Where he will dig the grave,
He has crossed himself and begun
With the spade to clear away the snow.

Other receivings here there have been,
A graveyard is not as the fields:
Out of the snow crosses projected,
With crosses lay spread the ground.

Bending his old back,
He long, diligently dug,
And the yellow frozen loam
Snow immediately covered.

A carrion crow to him flew down,
Just pecked with beak, and was off:
The earth like iron rang —
The crow got nothing . . .

The grave [is] suitably ready, —
" Not for me should [it be] this grave to dig ! "
(From the old man burst the phrase):
" Not for Prokl should [it be] in it to rest,

" Not for Prokl ! " . . . The old man stumbled,
From his hands slipped the crowbar
And into the white pit fell,
The old man drew it out with difficulty.

He has gone . . . on the road he strides . . .
There is no sun, the moon has not risen . . .
All the world is as though dying:
Calm, snow, half-fog . . .

VII.

In the ravine, by the brooklet Zheltúkha,
The old man his wife overtook
And softly asked of the old woman:
" Did the coffin happen to be a good one ? "

Her lips scarcely whispered
In answer to the old man: "So-so."
Then they both were silent
And the sledge so softly went on
As if it were in fear of something . . .

The village has not yet appeared,
But near — gleams a fire.
The old woman crossed herself,
The horse dashed to [one] side —

Without cap, with legs bare,
With a great pointed staff,
Suddenly appeared before them
[Their] old acquaintance Pakhóm.

Covered with a woman's chemise
Clanked chains upon him;
Rapped (once) the village madman
Upon the frozen earth with the staff,

Then bellowed compassionately,
Sighed and said: "[There 's] no harm!
"For you he had worked enough,
"And your turn has come!

"The mother for the son a coffin has bought,
"The father for him a grave has dug,
"The wife for him a shroud has sewed —
"For you all at one stroke [he] has made work!"

Again [he] bellowed — and without aim
Into space the madman hastened.
The chains mournfully clanked,
And the bare calves shone,
And the staff on the snow marked.

VIII.

Against the house they placed the lid,
To a neighbor (woman) they took to pass the night
Half-frozen Masha and Grisha,
And they began the little son to dress.

Slowly, seriously, sternly
The mournful task was performed:
Was not spoken a superfluous word,
Outwardly were not shed tears.

[He] has fallen asleep, having labored in sweat!
Has fallen asleep, having worked for the earth!
He lies, not sharing the trouble,
On the white fir table,

Lies motionless, stern,
With a burning candle at [his] head,
In broad linen shirt,
And in new bast shoes.

Great hands, with callosities,
Having done much work;
Handsome, a stranger to pain,
The face — and to the hands [reaches] the beard . . .

IX.

While the body they prepared,
They did not by word show grief,
And they only avoided looking
Into the eyes of each other, the unfortunates.

But now at last is the task finished,
There is no need to wrestle with grief,
And what in the heart was pent up
From lips began to pour in a stream.

Not wind plays in the feather-grass,
Not nuptial train rumbles, —
Kindred for Prokl were wailing,
For Prokl the family loud cry:

"Thou our dove with dark-blue wings!
"Whither hast thou from us flown?
"In comeliness, stature and strength
"Thou a peer in the village hadst not,

"To parents wert thou a counselor,
"A worker in the field thou wert,
"To guests kind and hospitable,*
"Wife and children thou lovedst . . .

"Why so little journey'dst thou on the earth?
"Why hast thou forsaken us, dear?

* Etymologically, 'a giver of bread and salt, of a welcome.'

"Thou hast pondered on this thought,
"Hast pondered with the damp earth —

"Hast pondered — and us to remain
"In the world orphans hast ordered,
"Not with fresh water to bathe ourselves
"[But] with burning tears [hast ordered] us!

"The old woman will die of sorrow,
"Not to live [is] for thy father too,
"Birch in the forest without crown —
"Mistress without husband in the house.

"Her thou pitiest not, [thou] unhappy one,
"The children pitiest not . . . Arise!
"From thy allotted plot of land
"In summer thou shalt take a full harvest!

"Clap hands, charming one,
"With hawk eye look,
"Shake [thy] silken tresses,
"[Thy] sweet lips open!

"For joy would we brew
"Both mead and hop beer,
"At table would we seat thee —
"Partake, longed-for, dear [one]!

"And ourselves we would place opposite —
"Support, hope of the family!
"Eyes from thee we would not remove,
"We would catch thy words . . ."

X.

At these wailings and moans
Neighbors thronged in a crowd:
A taper having placed by the *ikona*
They made low bows
And went silently homeward.

In turn entered others.
But now the crowd has dispersed,
To sup have sat down the kindred —
Cabbage and with bread kvas.

The old man useless grief
To take possession of him allowed not:
Approaching nearer to the torch
He a bast shoe bunglingly plaited.

Deeply and loudly sighing,
The old woman above the stove lay,
But Daría, the young widow,
To look after the children had gone.

The whole night, standing by the taper,
Read over the dead the sacristan,
And accompanied him from the stove
With shrill chirp the cricket.

XI.

Fiercely the snowstorm howled
And with snow knocked at the window;
Not cheerfully rose the sun:
On that morning a witness was
He of a sorrowful picture.

The roan, harnessed to the sledge,
With head down stood at the gate;
Without useless words, without wailings
The people brought out the dead.

— Now move, good roan, move!
Stretch more tightly the traces!
Thou hast served the master much,
For the last time serve [him]! . . .

In the market town Chistópol
He bought thee a sucking colt,
He brought thee up in abundance,
And thou hast turned out a good horse.

With the master friendlily didst labor,
For winter provision didst lay up,
In the herd to a child didst yield thyself,
On grass and chaff didst feed,
And [thy] body in good condition didst keep

When the labors were finished
And frost enchained the earth,
With the master you [two] departed
From the domestic fodder for freighting.

Not a little there too fell to [thy] share —
Thou didst drag a heavy load;
In the terrible storm it happened
[To thee] exhausted to lose the road.

Was visible on thy lean flanks
Not one stripe [only] of the whip;
For that at the taverns
Thou atest [thy] fill of oats.

Thou hast heard on January nights
The piercing howl of the snowstorm;
And the wolf's glaring eyes
Hast seen on the forest's edge;

Wilt shiver, wilt suffer from fright,
And then — and again [it is] nothing!
Yes, it appears, the master has made a failure —
The winter has brought him to the end! . . .

XII.

In a deep snowdrift it happened
To him for half a day to stand;
After that, now in a fever, now in a chill,
For three days to walk after the load:

The deceased hastened punctually
To deliver goods at a place.
He delivered [them], returned home —
No voice, in [his] body a fire!

The old woman poured over him
Water from nine spindles
And to the hot bath led [him],
But no — he did not get better!

Then they summoned the soothsayers —
And they give drink, and whisper, and rub —
All wrong! They drew him
Three times through a sweating collar,

Let down the dear one into an ice-hole,
Under a hen-roost set him . . .
To everything he submitted like a dove, —
But [all] bad — he drinks not and eats not!

Furthermore to place [him] under a bear,
In order that the latter might knead well his bones,
A Sergách peddler, Fédĭa,
Who happened to be there, proposed.

But Darĭa, the wife of the sick (man),
Drove the counselor away:
To try other means
The woman intended: and at night

She went to a distant convent
(Ten versts from the village),
Where in a certain *ikona*, miraculously found,
Healing virtue existed.

She went, returned with the *ikona* —
The sick already lay voiceless,
Clothed as for the coffin, having communicated.
He looked at [his] wife, moaned (once)

And died . . .

XIII.

. . . Good roan, move on,
Stretch more tightly the traces,
Thou hast served the master much,
For the last time serve [him] !

Hark ! two strokes of the funeral bells !
The priests are waiting — go ! . . .
An overwhelmed, sorrowful pair,
Went the mother and father before.

The children with the dead both
Sat, not daring to cry,
And, guiding the roan, by the coffin
With the reins their poor mother

Walked . . . Her eyes were sunken ;
And not whiter than her cheeks was

(Put on her in token of sorrow)
The kerchief of white linen.

Behind Darĭa — of neighbor (men), of neighbor (women)
Wound along a not dense crowd,
Remarking, that of Prokl's little children
The lot [is] now not enviable,

That for Darĭa toil will increase,
That dark days await her.
"To pity her will be for no one,"
With one voice they decided . . .

XIV.

As is customary, into the grave they lowered,
They covered Prokl with earth;
They wept awhile, loudly cried,
With the family condoled, honored
The dead with generous praise.

The starost himself, Sidor Iványch,
Softly with the women lamented,
And "Peace to thee, Prokl Sevastĭánych!"
Said: "kind hearted thou wert,

"Livedst uprightly, and especially: in good time
"(How God used to help thee out [!])
"Didst pay the landlord's rent
"And bring to the treasury [thy] tax!"

Having spent his store of eloquence,
The worthy peasant [gravely] said *hm:*
"Yes, that is human life!"
He added — and put on his fur cap.

"He fell . . . and just as he was in [his] strength! . . .
"We shall fall . . . to avoid [it is] not for us [possible]!"
Again they have crossed themselves towards the grave,
And with God have gone each to his home.

Tall, gray-headed, lean,
Without cap, immovably dumb,
Like a monument, the old grand-sire
Stood by the grave of the dear one!

Then the bearded old man
Moved forward softly upon it,
Leveling the earth with the spade,
Mid the sobs of his old wife.

When, having left [their] son,
He with [his] wife entered the village:
"Like drunken [ones] sorrow makes them reel!
"Do look!" . . . the people said . . .

XV.

But Daría returned home —
To dress herself, to feed the children.
Alas, alas! how cold has the hut become!
She hastens to heat the stove,

But see — not a stick of wood . . .
The poor mother reflected:
To leave the little children [would be] grievous to her,
She would like to caress them,

But there is no time for caresses.
To a neighbor (woman) the widow took them,
And at once, on the same roan,
She rode to the forest for firewood . . .

PART SECOND.

XVI.

It is frosty. The plains are white under the snow,
The forest looks black in front;
The roan crawls along neither at a walk, nor at a run,
Thou shalt not meet a soul on the way.

How still! The voice sent forth in the village
Resounds as if at the very ear,
The sledge runner, knocking against the root of a tree,
Rattles and creaks and grates on the heart.

Around — to look is impossible,
The plain in diamonds glitters . . .
Darĭa's eyes have filled with tears —
It must be [that] the sun blinds them . . .

XVII.

In the fields it was still, but stiller [is it]
In the forest, and as it were brighter.
The farther away — all the trees are higher,
And the shadows longer and longer.

Trees and sun and shadows,
And death-like, sepulchral peace . . .
But hark ! doleful chidings [at fate],
A dull, melancholy wail !

Grief has overcome Dárĭushka,
And the forest has impartially listened,
While moans streamed into space,
And voice struggled and trembled,

And the sun, round and lifeless,
Like the yellow eye of the owl,
Looked from the heavens indifferently
Upon the grievous pangs of the widow.

And whether many cords were rent
In the poor peasant's heart,
For ever has remained hidden
In the forest's untenanted depth.

The deep grief of the widow
And the mother of the little orphans
The wild birds overheard,
But to tell the people they have not dared . . .

XVIII.

Not hunter through the wood sounds the horn,
[And] shouts ho-ho, the hare-brain, —
Having ceased weeping, hews and splits
Wood the young widow.

Having cut, into the sledge she throws [it]—
She would fill it as quickly as possible,
And it is doubtful whether she herself observes
That tears are constantly flowing from [her] eyes:

Some from eyelashes will drop
And on the snow with all their might will fall—
To the very earth will reach,
A deep hole will burn through;

Another on the wood she will drop,
On a log,—and thou seest, it
Will congeal into a great pearl—
White and round and solid.

And that in [her] eye will glisten awhile,
As an arrow down [her] cheek will run,
And a sunbeam in it will play . . .
To finish Daría hastens,

Incessantly chops,—feels not the cold,
Perceives not that she lets her feet freeze,
And, full of thought of [her] husband,
Calls him, with him talks . . .

XIX.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Little dove! our beauty
In spring in the choral dance again

[Her] friends will catch up [— our] Masha
And will begin in [their] hands to toss!

"Will begin to toss,
Upwards to throw,
Poppy-head to call,
The poppy to shake out!

"All red will blush our
Masha as little poppy flower
With little blue eyes, with blond tress!

"Tap [her] little feet and laugh
She will . . . and we too with thee,
We in her delighted
Shall be, thou my longed-for! . . .

XX.

"[Thou art] dead, thou hast not lived out [thy] life,
Dead and in the earth buried!
Pleasant [it is] in spring for man,
The sun brightly shines.
The sun has revived everything,
God's beauties have unfolded,
The field has invited the plough,
The grass asks for the scythe,

"Early I, in sadness, arose,
At home I ate not, with me brought not,

Till night the field have tilled,
At night I have riveted the scythe,
In the morning to mow I have gone . . .

"More firmly stand ye, little feet;
White hands, ache not!
[I] must alone hasten!

"In the field alone [it is] tiresome,
In the field alone unpleasant,
I will call [my] dear one!

"Have I ploughed up the field well?
Come out, loved one, look!
Have I got in the hay dry?
Have I piled up the haycocks erect?
I on the rakes rested
All the hay-making days!

"No one [is there] to correct the work [done] by a woman!
No one to instruct a woman in reason! . . .

XXI.

"The little herd has begun to go to the forest,
Mother-rye has begun to devote herself to the ear,
God has sent us abundant harvest!
Now the stalk [is up] to the breast of a man,

God has sent us abundant harvest!
But he has not prolonged for thee life, —
Willing or unwilling, alone hasten!

"Gad-fly buzzes and bites,
Deadly thirst torments;
The sun the sickle is warming,
The sun the eyes is blinding,
It burns the head, shoulders,
Little feet, little hands it burns;
Out of the rye as if from an oven
Also is pouring heat;
[My] little back aches from straining,
Arms and legs ache;
Red, yellow rings
Before [my] eyes stand . . .
Finish the harvest more quickly,
Thou seest — the kernel has shelled out . . .

"Together would the affair [be] more profitable,
Together more pleasantly would it go . . .

XXII.

"My dream has come to pass, dear me!
[My] dream before Christ's day.
In the field I had fallen asleep alone.
After noon, with [my] sickle,
I see — surrounds me

A host — a numberless troop, —
Menacingly with hands it beckons,
Menacingly with eyes it glares.
I had a mind to run away,
But [my] limbs obeyed not.
I began to beg for aid,
I began to cry aloud.

"I feel, earth began to quake —
First mother came running;
The rye is broken, rustles —
Children to the dear one hasten.
Quickly without wind moves not
The windmill in the field [its] arm:
Brother is coming and lies down,
Father-in-law creeps with short step.
All came slowly, came quickly,
Only one friend
My eyes saw not . . .
I began to call him:
'Thou seest, surrounds me
A host — a numberless troop, —
Menacingly with hands it beckons,
Menacingly with eyes it glares!
Why comest not to rescue?'
Then I looked around —
Lord! what had happened?
What was the matter with me?
There was no troop there at all!

It [was] not wicked people,
Not a Mussulman troop,
It [was] rye heads,
With ripe grains filled,
Came out to fight with me!

"They wave, rustle, beat against [me],
Hands, face they tickle,
Themselves [their] stalks under the sickle they bend—
Longer to stand they do not wish!

"To reap I set about smartly,
I reap, and upon my neck
Fall great kernels —
As if under hail I stood!

"Will run out, will run out overnight
All our mother-rye . . .
Where art thou, Prokl Sevastiánych?
Why to help comest not?

"My dream has come to pass, dear me!
Now I shall reap alone,

"I shall without the dear one reap,
Little sheaves [I shall] stoutly bind,
On the sheaves [I shall] tears drop!

"My tears are not pearls,
The tears of a sorrowing widow,
Why are ye needed by the Lord,
Of what value are ye to Him?

XXIII.

"Long are ye, winter nights,
[It is] lonesome without the loved one to lie;
Would only little eyes not weep,
I will begin linen to weave.

"Much will I weave of linen,
Good fine new cloth;
Will grow up robust and strong,
Will grow up the loving son.

"Will be for our place
He a likely bridegroom;
To negotiate for a bride for the yonker
Marriage-brokers trusty we will send . . .

"I myself have combed Grisha's curls,
Blood with milk our first-born son,
Blood with milk also the bride . . . Come then!
Bless the young [couple] under the nuptial crown!

"This day we like holiday have awaited,
Thou rememberest, when Grisha began to walk,
The whole night we talked,
How we shall marry him,
We began for the nuptials to save little by little,
Behold — [what we] waited for, praise to God!

"Hark, little bells are speaking!
The procession has returned,
Come out quickly to meet [them]—
The pea-hen bride, the falcon bridegroom!—
Scatter on them grain kernels,
With hops bestrew the young [couple]! . . .

XXIV.

"The herd by the dark forest roams,
Bast trees in the forest the young shepherd tears,
Out of the forest a big gray wolf comes.
Whose sheep will he carry away?

"A black cloud, thick-thick,
Right over our hamlet hangs;
Will shoot from the cloud a thunderbolt,—
At whose house will it aim?

"Ill tidings circulate among the people,
To the young men not long [will it be possible] to walk at liberty,
Soon — an enrolment of recruits!

"Our boy [is] the only one in the family,
Of all our children Grishúkha and the little daughter,
But our chief [is] a thief—
He will say: communal judgment!

"Will perish in vain, for nothing, the lad:
Arise, defend thine own son!

"No! thou wilt not defend!
Thy white hands have let themselves fall,
Bright eyes for ever have closed . . .
Bitter orphans we!

XXV.

"Did I not pray Heaven's Queen?
Have I been idle?
By night alone for the miraculous *ikona*
I feared not — I went,

"The wind howls, piles up snowdrifts.
No moon — were there a ray!
At the heavens thou shalt look — coffins-like,
[And] chains and weights issue from the clouds . . .

"Did I not for him make effort?
Did I spare anything?
I dared not tell him
How I loved him!

"Little stars there will be at night,
Will it be for us more clear?

"A hare sprang out from under a hillock,
Little hare, stop! dare not
Pass me on the road!

"To the forest it went off, praise to God . . .
Towards midnight it became more awful, —

"I hear, an unclean power
Began to rustle, to cry,
To howl in the forest,

"What care I for the unclean power?
Let me be! To the Holy Virgin
I an offering bring!

"I hear the neighing of horses,
I hear the howling of wolves,
I hear the chase after me, —

"Wild beast, fall not upon me!
Wicked man, touch [me] not,
Dear [is] our hard-earned money!

"In summer he lived laboriously,
In winter saw not the children;
By night of him thinking
I closed not [my] eyes.

"He rides, is cold . . . and I, sad,
From fibrous flax,
As [long as] his way [is] distant,
A long thread draw out.

"My spindle springs, turns,
On the floor beats.
Próklushka goes afoot, in the ravine crosses himself,
To the load at the hill harnesses himself.

"Summer after summer, winter after winter,
Thus we have provided the means!

"Be gracious to a poor peasant (man),
Lord! we will give back all
That, kopéïk by kopéïk, copper grosh by copper grosh,
We have laid up with labor!

XXVI.

"[That is] all [of] thee, forest path!
The forest has ended.
Toward morning a golden star
From God's heaven
Suddenly broke away — and fell,
God blew upon it;
Trembled my heart;
I reflected, tried to remember —
What was in [my] thoughts then
When the star began to fall?
I recollected! little feet stopped,
I try to walk, but do not move!
I was thinking, that hardly
Shall I find Prokl among the living!

"No! Heaven's Queen will not permit!
The miraculous *ikona* will give healing!

"I crossed myself
And began to run . . .

"Heroic strength [is] in him,
God is gracious, he will not die . . .
There too [is] the convent wall!
The shadow of my head already reaches
To the convent gate.

"I saluted with a low bow,
Stood on [my] little feet, see —
A crow sits on the gilded cross,
Trembled [my] heart again!

XXVII.

"Long they detained me —
A nun the sisters on that day buried.

"Matins came,
Softly to the church marched the nuns,
In black robes clad,
Only the dead was in white:
[She] sleeps — young, quiet,
She knows that she will be in paradise.
Even I, unworthy, kissed
Thy little white hand!
Upon the little face long I looked:
Of all thou the youngest, kindest, neatest,
Thou midst the sisters [wert] like a white turtle-dove
Among dark-blue, common pigeons.

"In the hands shows black a rosary,
A written crown on the forehead.
Black pall upon the coffin —
Thus [look] good angels!

"Speak, my swift,
To God with thy holy lips,
That I may not be left
A sorrowing widow with orphans!

"The coffin on [their] hands to the grave they carried,
With singing and lamentation they buried her.

XXVIII.

"Started in peace the holy *ikona*,
The sisters sang while escorting it,
All kissed it.

"Much honor was [shown] to the Holy Virgin:
Old and young left work,
From hamlets came to her.

"To her they brought the sick and wretched . . .
I know, Holy Virgin! I know, of many
Thou hast dried the tear . . .

"Only thou to us didst not show mercy!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Lord! how much firewood I have cut!
Thou wilt not carry [it] at a load . . ."

XXIX.

Having finished the accustomed labor,
Upon the sledge [she] loaded the firewood,
Of the reins took hold and was about
To start upon the road [—] the widow.

But again she reflected, stopping,
The axe she mechanically took
And softly, brokenly crying,
She approached a tall fir.

Scarcely [her] legs supported her,
[Her] spirit was exhausted with sorrow,
Came a lull in grieving —
An involuntary and terrible calm!

She stands under the fir hardly alive,
Without thought, without a sigh, without tears.
In the forest the stillness of the grave —
The day [is] clear, the frost increases.

XXX.

Not wind howls in the firs,
Not from the hills run down the brooks,
The frost-chieftain on patrol
Goes over his dominions.

He looks — whether the snow-storms well
The forest paths have blocked up,
And whether there is not somewhere a chink, a rift,
And whether there is not somewhere bare earth?

Are the tops of the firs woolly?
Is the frost-work fine on the oaks?
And are the ice-blocks strongly welded
In great and little waters?

He goes — through the trees strides,
Crackles on the frozen water,
And the bright sun plays
In his shaggy beard.

[There is] a way everywhere for the magician.
Hark! nearer he comes, the gray [-beard],
And suddenly appears above her,
Over her very head!

Having gone up into the tall fir,
Upon the branches with [his] mace he beats,
And himself of himself a bold,
Boastful song sings:

XXXI.

"Observe, young woman, more boldly,
What sort of a chieftain [is] Frost!
It is unlikely [that] to thee a fellow stronger
And handsomer has it happened to see?

"Snow-storms, sleet and mists
[Are] submissive to frost always·
I will go to the seas-oceans —
I will build palaces of ice.

"I will consider — great rivers
For long I will hide under a weight,
I will build ice bridges,
Such the people will not build.

"Where swift, noisy waters
Not long since freely flowed, —
To-day went pedestrians,
Sledge-trains with merchandise went.

"I like in deep graves
The dead in hoar-frost to deck,
And the blood to freeze out in the veins,
And the brains in the head to make ice.

"For grief to the wicked thief,
For dread to rider and horse,
I like in evening time
To contrive in the forest a continual crackling.

"Young women, grumbling at wood-goblins,
Tear homewards more speedily.
But the drunken, both on horse and afoot,
To fool [is] still more pleasant.

"Without chalk the whole face I will whiten,
But the nose will begin to flame with fire,
And the beard I will so let freeze
To the reins — just cut [it] with an axe!

"I am rich, [my] treasure I reckon not,
And all [my] wealth diminishes not;
I my kingdom dress out
In diamonds, pearls, silver.

"Come to my kingdom with me
And be thou queen in it!
We will reign gloriously in winter,
But in summer deeply we will sleep.

"Come! I will caress, will warm,
The blue palace I will assign [thee] . . ."
And the chieftain began over her
To brandish the ice mace.

XXXII.

"[Is it] warm to thee, young woman?"
From the tall fir to her he cries.
— Warm! answers the widow,
Herself freezes, shivers.

Frost came down somewhat lower,
Again waved the mace back and forth
And whispers to her more kindly, more softly:
"[Art] warm?" — Warm, kind sir! —

Warm — but herself is growing stiff.
Frost touched her:
Into her face blows a breath
And sharp needles scatters
From [his] gray beard upon her.

And see! before her he dropped!
"[Art] warm?" he said again,
And to Prokl suddenly changed himself,
And he began to kiss her.

Her upon lips, upon eyes and upon shoulders
The gray magician kissed,
And to her the same sweet speeches
Whispered, as [her] dear one at the nuptials.

And so pleasant to her was [it]
To hear his sweet speeches,
That Dárĭushka closed [her] eyes,
The axe let fall at [her] feet;

Of the sorrowing widow a smile
Plays upon the pale lips,
Downy and white [her] eyelashes,
Frost needles upon [her] eyebrows . . .

XXXIII.

In sparkling hoar-frost clad
She stands, is freezing,
And she dreams of warm summer —
The rye has not all been got in yet,

But has been cut, — the easier for them it has become!
The peasants have carried the sheaves,
And Darĭa the potatoes has dug
From the patches near the river.

Her mother-in-law there too, the old woman,
Was busy; on a full sack
Pretty Masha, frolicsome,
Sat with a little carrot in hand.

The telĭéga, creaking, approaches —
The roan glances at his [friends],
And Próklushka amply strides
After the load of golden sheaves.

— God help! And where then [is] Grishúkha?
The father in passing said.
"In the peas," said the old woman.
— Grishúkha! the father cried,

At the sky glanced. — Surely not early?
To drink would [be well] . . . The mistress will get up
And to Prokl from a white can
Will give some kvas to drink.

Grishúkha meantime has responded:
With peas wrapped about,
The brisk lad appeared
A green bush running.

— He runs! ha! he runs, the little rogue,
Under [his] feet the grass burns! —
Grishúkha [was] black, like a young jackdaw,
Only [his] head alone [was] white.

Shouting, he runs up in a dance
(On [his] neck a collar of peas).
He regaled the grandmother, mother,
Little sister — turns himself like an eel!

From the mother to the lad a caress,
The father the little rogue pinched;
Meantime the roan too was not asleep:
He [his] neck stretched and stretched,

Reached, — showing [his] teeth,
The peas with a relish he chews,
And in [his] soft, good lips
Grishúkha's ear seizes . . .

XXXIV.

Mashútka to [her] father cried:
— Take me, papa, with you!
She sprang from the sack — and fell,
[Her] father lifted her up. "Don't cry!

"Hast killed thyself — an unimportant matter!
Of little girls I have no need,
Another such rogue [of a boy] as that
Bear me, mistress, by spring!

"See to it!" The wife was confused:
— For thee one is enough!
(But knew beneath the heart already struggled
A child) . . . "Come, Mashúk, [it's] nothing!"

And Próklushka, mounting the telĭéga,
Seated Mashútka with him.
Grishúkha also with a run jumped in,
And with clatter the load rolled off.

A flock of sparrows flew up
From the sheaves, high over the telĭéga mounted.
And Dárĭushka long looked after,
Screening herself from the sun with [her] hand,

As the children with [their] father approached
Their steaming barn,*
And from the sheaves on her smiled
The rosy faces of the children . . .

Hark, a song! familiar sounds!
A beautiful voice has the singer . . .
The last signs of pain
Have disappeared from Darĭa's face,

In spirit flying away with the song,
She yielded to it entirely . . .
There is not on earth one more charming than the song
Which we hear in a dream!

* For threshing and drying.

Of what it [sang] — God knows it!
I the words could not catch,
But the heart it soothes,
In it [is] the bound of earthly happiness.

In it the kind caress of sympathy,
Promises of love without end . . .
The smile of satisfaction and happiness
Disappears not from Daria's face.

XXXV.

At what price obtained
My peasant woman forgetfulness,
What matters? She smiled.
We will not pity her.

There is no deeper, no sweeter repose,
[Than] such as the forest offers us,
Standing [as it is] immovably, fearlessly
Under the cold of the winter skies.

Nowhere so deeply and freely
Breathes the tired breast,
And if to live [has been] for us enough,
For us [it is] nowhere sweeter to fall asleep!

XXXVI.

No sound! The heart dies
To sorrow, to passion. Thou standest
And feelest how subdues
It this deathly calm.

No sound! And thou seest the blue
Vault of heaven, and the sun, and the forest,
In silvery-dull hoar-frost
Decked, full of wonders,

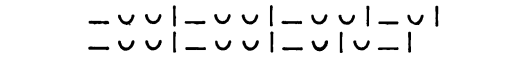
Attracting by impenetrable secrecy,
Deeply unimpassioned . . . But now
Was heard a casual rustle —
In the [tree-] tops a squirrel goes.

A lump of snow it dropped
On Darĭa, in springing about the fir.
But Darĭa stood and froze
In her enchanting dream.

ADDED NOTES.

A FEW words concerning the meter. The poem employs two principal kinds of verse: at the beginning and end (lines 1 to 506 and 788 to 1012) it is amphibrachic; in the middle (lines 507 to 787) dactylic. But usually each alternate amphibrachic verse has the last foot converted into an iambus by the dropping of the last syllable: thus (the first two verses) —

And there are only twenty-two verses of the original — and none in the translation — composed entirely of dactyls. Usually the last syllable of one dactylic verse is dropped, and the last two of the alternate verse; leaving the last foot of the former a trochee, and the last two feet of the latter a trochee and an iambus: thus —



Lines 507 to 510, it should be remarked, consist each of the two feet last described. In all these varieties of meter, it may be observed, between two accented syllables of any given verse there are always two unaccented. The number of feet in a verse varies from two to four.

Concerning the correspondence of the metrical translation to the original in regard to form it may be said, that, besides the twenty-two verses just mentioned, there are other discrepancies: In thirty cases a single rhyme has been substituted for a double; ll. 137, 173 and 190 begin with two unaccented syllables, instead of one; ll. 513, 548 and 746 have three feet for four — the number in the original being irregular; l. 716 has three feet for the two original dactyls.

Concerning the prose translation it may be said, that no attempt has been made to avoid unidiomatic English. On the contrary, pains has been taken to make, as far as possible, a *verbatim* transcription, in the choice and order of words. The original punctuation, also, is closely followed.

Note 30 (lines 1–4) — If the reader does not object to a disregard, at the very outset, of the author's nearly constant alternation of double and single rhymes, he may prefer the following version of the first quatrain:

> A roan nag is fast in the drifted snow stalled;
> Two pairs frozen bast-shoes, and the edge
> Of a coffin, with bast-matting palled,
> Project from a wretched old sledge.

Note 31 (l. 2) *Two pair of bast shoes* — one pair worn by the old woman, the other provided for line 222.

Note 32 (l. 13) *in the cellar* — on the ground floor, beneath the 'living' room.

Note 33 (l. 207) *The coffin lid* — Perhaps a part stands here, by poetic license, for the whole; the coffin to rest in the porch until the children shall have been removed.

Note 34 (ll. 257–8) *Like birch without crown, . . .* a popular saying.

Note 35 (l. 361) *And thus have his bones all well kneaded* — 'No journalistic articles on the importance of medical science, . . . no statistics of mortality can so impress the ordinary reader, as Nekrasov's simple, realistic lines upon Prokl's sickness and its treatment.' — Translated from A. Golubev's *N. A. Nekrasov*.

Here is a similar instance of superstition, from the *New York Times* of 14 March, 1887: 'A young man living in Ritchie County, West Va., was taken sick with the measles Wednesday. His grandmother, anxious to effect a speedy cure, placed him between two ticks of feathers with hot stones at his feet and a live sheep alongside of him. He died soon afterward. — *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*'

Note 36 (l. 367) *Ten versts* — In the edition of Nekrasov's poems published in 1869 тридцати (thirty) is found, instead of въ десяти (ten).

Note 37 (l. 410) — In the same edition царю (to the tsar) reads in place of въ казну (into the treasury).

Note 38 (l. 430) *declared* — Robert Southey, in his sonnet to Winter, says:

'. . . as thy lips declare
Some merry jest . . .'

Note 39 (l. 461) — The edition of 1869 has пѣни (complaints), instead of пѣсни (songs); but it should be spelled пени.

Note 40 (l. 569) *Christ's day* — *Spas* (Savior's) day. Three festivals have this name *Spas*: 'First *Spas*,' 1 August, 'Holy Cross,' called also 'honey' (festival); 'Second *Spas*,' 6 August, 'Transfiguration,' and 'apple' (festival); 'Third *Spas*,' 16 August, 'Removal of the [Savior's] Picture

not made with hands,' and 'corn' (festival), — close of the grain harvest. The third seems to be referred to in line 569.

Note 41 (l. 715) *beats on the floor* — See Scott's *Antiquary*, chapter 26.

Note 42 (ll. 923–4) *White can* — The *zhbanъ* is a 'hooped wooden vessel, narrowed at top, with attached cover, and with handle and nose like a pitcher, for kvas and beer.'

Note 43 (l. 1002) солнца — This follows the edition of 1879; but it is a misprint for солнце, as it stands in the edition of 1869.

Apropos to parts of the poem, here follows an adaptation of the dialogue sonnet *Alcyone*, from 'New Poems. By Edmund W. Gosse. London, 1879.'

'ALCYONE.

PHŒBUS [FROST].

What voice is this that wails [o'er snowy] deep?

ALCYONE [DARĬA].

A wife's, that mourns her fate and loveless days.

PHŒBUS.

What love lies buried in these [wintry]-ways?

ALCYONE.

A husband's, hurried to eternal sleep.

PHŒBUS.

Cease, O beloved, cease to wail and weep!

ALCYONE.

Wherefore?

PHŒBUS.

The waters [that my power stays]
Proclaim the godhead of my [soothing gaze].

ALCYONE.

No god can sow where fate hath stood to reap.

PHŒBUS.

Hold, wringing hands! Cease, piteous tears, to fall!

ALCYONE.

But grief must rain and [melt the frozen lea].

PHŒBUS.

Thou shalt forget this [winter] and thy wrong,
And I will bless the dead, though past recall.

ALCYONE.

What canst thou give to me or him in me?

PHŒBUS.

A name in story, and a [theme] in song.'

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